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THE MYSTERY OF THE LITTLE DAUPHIN.

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OF all historical mysteries none perhaps is more fascinating than the problem of the son of Louis XVI, 'the little Dauphin,' as he has been called, and there are none for which the evidence is so abundant and so curious in its character.

The problem inevitably raises a variety of issues. Did the Dauphin, as has been so widely believed, perish in the Temple prison in which he was confined at the outbreak of the French Revolution or did he escape? If he escaped, was his escape connived at by members of the Revolutionary Government who were anxious to be rid of him as a possible claimant to the throne, and who at the same time did not wish to have the responsibility of the death of an innocent child put upon their shoulders? And did they, in order to achieve this object, conceal his identity and give it out that he had actually died of disease during his imprisonment? Or on the other hand, was he surreptitiously removed from the Temple by secret royalist partisans? Supposing him to have escaped, we have to ask ourselves whether he died before attaining manhood, thus practically leaving no trace behind, or whether he is to be identified with one of the numerous claimants to the title, many of whom took advantage of a certain supposed resemblance to the Prince to gather round them bands of deluded followers who accepted their credentials for what they purported to be worth. So widespread indeed was the belief in the fact of the Dauphin's escape that the temptation to pose in his

character naturally attracted many impostors. Of these the majority were unable to get themselves taken seriously for any length of time and one, the so-called Baron Richemont, was actually put on trial, as late as October, 1834, and his fraudulent pretensions exposed in court. It was contended that some of these claimants were actually put up by the government of the day to draw a red herring across the track of the true Dauphin, whose identity they counterfeited and of the establishment of whose rightful claim the Bourbon rulers were not unnaturally in constant dread.

This claimant who aroused such apprehension in the highest quarters was the so-called Karl Wilhelm Naundorff. The history of his adoption of the name is not a little curious. After escaping from the hands of the French during the Napoleonic wars, he eventually found himself in Berlin without a passport. Here he established himself as a watchmaker, and in order to regularise his position was advised to apply to the Chief of the Police, Lecoq. He accordingly put the facts of the case to him, showing all the documents in his possession. Lecoq received him favourably, but finally told him that in view of his antecedents it would be impossible for him to remain in Berlin longer, as this would be too dangerous to all concerned. He therefore gave him a pass in the name of Karl Wilhelm Naundorff, watchmaker, and on the strength of his recommendation Karl Naundorff (so-called) received a permit to reside in Spandau. (This permit, it may be observed, is still extant.) Whether such a person as Naundorff ever existed does not appear, but the subterfuge, owing to the influence of Lecoq, served its turn and as Karl Naundorff he has gone down to history.

Had the authorities been in a position to establish the fact of the death of the youthful Dauphin in the Temple their anxieties with regard to any claimant to the title would

naturally have been at an end; but that is precisely what they were unable to do, and indeed Louis XVIII himself, by his own action or inaction, gave colour to the supposition that he had himself no faith in the death of his nephew during his captivity. The matter of the certificate of death and the burial of the alleged Dauphin had in fact been so clumsily contrived by the revolutionary officials at the time that scepticism as to the actuality of the boy's decease was practically inevitable. We have now to enquire into the facts of the case as far as they can be ascertained with any certainty.

The Dauphin—at this time there is no dispute that he was the actual son of Louis XVI and not a supposititious child—was parted from his family and handed over to a certain Simon, a shoemaker, on July 3, 1793, and remained under his care until January 19, 1794, when no successor to Simon was appointed in his place. After this followed a crisis in the history of the Revolution, when one leader followed another to the guillotine. First Hébert, then Danton, then Camille Desmoulins, and after him Robespierre. Before Robespierre's death Madame Elizabeth, the Dauphin's aunt, paid the penalty of her royal blood and the Dauphin and Marie Thérèse, his sister, remained alone, confined in separate quarters in the Temple.

This is the last time we can trace a *bona-fide* Dauphin in the Temple prison. The next incident recorded is a visit by Harmand de la Meux and two other deputies to interview the Dauphin. These deputies were unable to obtain any response from the child they interviewed, who appeared to be deaf and dumb. He suffered, says Harmand, from swellings on the wrist and at the elbow. He showed symptoms of rachitis and deformation. His thighs and legs were long and thin and the arms also. The upper part of

the body was very short, the breast-bone very high, the shoulders high and narrow.

No sign of these conditions had appeared in Simon's time and the description fails to tally with what we know of the appearance of the actual Dauphin. There seems every reason to suppose that by this time another child had been substituted in place of him. Finally on June 8, 1795, the prisoner in the Temple died. On the next day the doctors came to conduct the post-mortem.

'We arrived,' says this curious document, 'all four of us at eleven in the forenoon, at the outer door of the Temple, where we were received by the Commissioners, who led us into the tower. In a room on the second floor we were shown the dead body of a boy who appears to be about ten years old *and who, we were told by the commissioners, was the son of the late Louis Capet.* Two of us recognised the child as the one to whom we had had to give attention during the previous few days. The child's death must be ascribed to scrofula of long standing.'

This complaint did not exist in either of the families of the parents of the Dauphin, nor is there any reason to believe that he was subject to it himself.

A statement has been preserved made by Sénar, the secret agent and secretary of the Committee of Public Safety, to the effect that the subject of the post-mortem was not the body of the Dauphin. The notes are stated to be now in the possession of the historian, Foulon de Vaulx, but Sénar perished after making them, March, 1798. The body of the child, whoever he may have been, was placed in a coffin and buried in the churchyard of Sainte Marguerite.

It is worthy of note that the Dauphin's sister, Marie Thérèse, was at this time still in the Temple and could of course have identified the body of her brother, but doubtless for this reason was not called in to do so.

A report was made at a later date (1807) by Pelletan, the supposed Dauphin's medical attendant, who had made the post-mortem, of the manner in which the body was laid in the coffin. He stated that the skull had been dissected for the purpose of examining the brain. The heart had also been removed and he had preserved it in spirits as a relic. After the restoration the heart was offered to Louis XVIII and the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the sister of the Dauphin, but both declined to accept it, a fact which gave rise to considerable comment.

In the year 1846, certain excavations took place in the churchyard of Sainte Marguerite and among the coffins brought to light was the one stated to contain the remains of Louis XVII. On the coffin being opened, it was found to contain a skeleton the skull of which had been dissected. Dr. Récamier made a report on the remains, in which he stated that they were those of a child of about fifteen years old. The arms and legs were out of proportion to the body.

Further evidence, of an admittedly rather vague kind, came to hand through the widow of Simon, the shoemaker, who lived to an advanced age. She had made a report to Dr. Rémuset in 1811, and this he repeated at the trial of Richemont in 1834. The doctor was employed in his medical capacity at the Hospital for Incurables at the former date, when it was reported to him that a woman of the name of Simon was making some complaint as regards the hospital regulations. 'If my children knew that I was here,' she remarked to the doctor, 'they would not leave me helpless.' 'I do not know in what way they could help you,' observed Dr. Rémuset. 'Oh,' replied the woman, 'you do not know what children I am talking about. I mean my little Bourbons whom I love with all my heart.' The doctor expressed his astonishment. 'Yes,' she said, 'I

was the guardian of the children of Louis XVI.' 'But,' said Dr. Rémuset, 'the Dauphin is dead!' 'Oh no, he is not,' she replied. She then told Dr. Rémuset that he had been smuggled away, either in a washing basket or by some other means. The doctor in charge afterwards informed him that Madame Simon was the widow of the warder of the Temple, who had been guillotined during the Revolution. It was stated that Madame Simon expressed at a later date her surprise that the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who knew the services which she had rendered to them as children, did nothing for her. She also stated on another occasion that she had seen the Dauphin at the Hospital, who recognised her, that he walked past her without speaking to her, but greeted her by laying his hand on his heart and made her a sign to keep silence. Afterwards, when he reached her bed, he said, 'I see that I was told the truth.' On another occasion when the Duchesse de Berry paid a visit to the Hospital the Duchess had spoken to her, and she had told her everything and also mentioned the code word by which she had been accustomed to receive news of the Prince. On another occasion when she was interviewed with a view to taking legal evidence in connection with the case, she further asserted that the child substituted for the Dauphin was suffering from rachitis and that she had other important information to give which she was only prepared to state before a court of justice. Her request to be allowed to do so was not granted.

It appears that a certain Mrs. (Charlotte) Atkyns, née Walpole, was instrumental in securing the escape of the Dauphin from the Temple. This lady had known the Queen (Marie Antoinette) before her imprisonment and had a number of royalist accomplices who assisted her in the attempt. In a letter dated February 2, 1795, in replying to

a communication from William Pitt, then Prime Minister, she writes :

‘It will be no news to Mr. Pitt when I inform him that Louis XVII is no longer in the Temple and that he has not been there for some time. The cause of young Louis XVII is in my opinion that of all the sovereigns of Europe.’

It is not possible in a brief study like the present to put forward all the evidence available in confirmation of the contention that the Dauphin was successful in escaping from the Temple, but enough has been written to show that this belief rests on very strong and substantial grounds. It is stated that one person who was privy to his escape was Josephine Beauharnais, afterwards Empress of the French. On a number of subsequent occasions Josephine intervened on behalf of the so-called Karl Naundorff, who in the course of his chequered career was constantly the victim of pitfalls laid by his enemies. Not the least of these enemies was his uncle, who subsequently became Louis XVIII and who saw in his nephew's claim an obstacle to his own accession to the throne of France.

Mixed up with the political intrigues which led to the overthrow of the Revolutionary Government was the notorious Barras—Barras who had no political scruples and was always playing for his own hand—an opportunist of the most unprincipled kind, who was ever ready to jump with the jumping cat. In the case of Napoleon Buonaparte he overreached himself by helping to power a man whose ambition and strength of purpose he woefully underestimated. Napoleon rightly mistrusted him, but at the most critical moment of his career used him for his own purposes. In close relations with Barras at this time was the Marchesa di Bruglio-Solari, the wife of the Venetian Minister, an Englishwoman by birth. Until 1792 she had

been in the service of Marie Antoinette and the Princesse Lamballe and so frequently saw the little Dauphin. In 1810 she saw the so-called Karl Naundorff in London and identified him with the child she had known. The Marchesa left interesting memoirs, and among other records of the time she made a statement to a notary which she had certified by the French Consul. It had reference to conversations with Barras and also with Queen Hortense of a very significant kind. Barras never forgave Napoleon for turning against the man who had helped him to power, and eventually espoused the cause of the Bourbons, although he had voted in the National Assembly for Louis XVI's execution.

'When I was in Brussels,' (the Marchesa records) 'in the winter of 1803 with my husband the Marchese di Bruglio-Solari, Minister of the Venetian Republic, we were invited to dinner by Barras, one of the former members of the Directoire of the French Republic. My husband and Barras fell into conversation about Buonaparte when the latter, who was somewhat heated with wine, exclaimed "I should like to see this Corsican rascal hanged for his ingratitude to me. I made him what he is and in return he condemned me to exile. But his ambitious plans will all come to nothing, for the son of Louis XVI is alive." At this time the Prefect had received orders only to allow foreigners to visit Barras. In the years 1819-1820 I spent some time in Augsburg in the company of Queen Hortense. She assured me on several occasions that the Dauphin had escaped from the Temple. Among other things she told me that when the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia visited Josephine in 1814 they said in her presence: "Whom shall we put on the throne of France?" and Josephine answered, "The son of Louis XVI, of course."'

The Marchesa further stated that learning, when she was in London, that there was a man living in Camberwell who maintained that he was the son of Louis XVI, she obtained

an interview with him and was completely convinced through facts which came to her knowledge and the proofs which she received from him personally that he, Charles Louis, Duc de Normandie—formerly known under the name of Naundorff—was the true son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

It is worthy of note that shortly after the conversation recorded between Josephine and the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, Josephine died suddenly and unexpectedly, and it was widely maintained among her contemporaries that her death took place under the most suspicious circumstances. A similar fate overtook the Duc de Berry, later on, following a very heated altercation with his uncle, Louis XVIII, in which he accused Louis of usurping the throne, knowing that the rightful heir to Louis XVI was still alive. Following this, the Duke was assaulted while leaving the Opera House and fatally wounded by a dagger thrust. The public at the time laid the responsibility for the attack on the Minister Decazes, the King's favourite, but it was impossible to establish his complicity. It is not, however, a little remarkable how those who championed the cause of the Pretender on a number of different occasions met with violent or mysterious deaths. Sénar, as already stated, died suddenly after entering a record stating that the boy who died in the Temple was not the son of Louis XVI. The death of the clairvoyant, Martin, who interviewed Louis XVIII, was also attributed to his activities on behalf of the alleged Dauphin. A similar fate overtook Caron, who was a domestic in the household of Louis XVI, and had numerous opportunities of seeing the Dauphin in his childhood. On being sent for by Louis XVIII and questioned, it is stated that Caron admitted to the full his knowledge of the Dauphin's escape from the Temple and frankly revealed all the facts

in his possession. Shortly after this interview on March 4, 1820, Caron left his home in the afternoon to go and call on his daughter, but never returned. His son made a search for him in vain, finally desisting on being warned by a stranger in a café that it would be best in his own interests to cease investigating the matter. The Pretender himself on various occasions was the victim of murderous assaults by secret enemies and it seemed little less than a miracle that he escaped with his life.

One of the most significant facts in connection with the evidence for the identity of Karl Naundorff with the son of Louis XVI, is the statement made by Madame de Rambaud with regard to the marks on the Prince's body. Madame de Rambaud was the Dauphin's governess when he was a little boy. She met the Pretender again on August 17, 1833, and wrote that the observations which she made of his person during his childhood could leave her in no doubt as to his identity. The Dauphin (she stated) had a number of peculiar marks on his body : a mole on his thigh in the form of a pigeon ; the curious shape of his front teeth which were rather prominent, and unusual folds on his neck ; the triangular form of his vaccination marks and the scar of a bite from a rabbit on his upper lip. All these marks were found on Naundorff by Madame de Rambaud, who had daily charge of the Dauphin from his birth until 1792. The statement of Madame de Rambaud was, moreover, confirmed by an inspection of the body of Naundorff at his death.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Dauphin's sister, persistently refused during her lifetime to meet her alleged brother and investigate his claim, but it must be remembered that her husband, the son of Charles X, was heir to the throne on the death of his father (although owing to the dethronement of Charles he never actually succeeded), so

that she had a personal interest in disputing her brother's identity. She was, however, frequently approached by people of eminence who were in a position to form a correct opinion on the matter. Among these was Brémond, Louis XVI's private secretary, Madame de Rambaud, the Dauphin's governess, General de Larochejacquelin and de la Rochefoucauld, Charles X's minister, who had been commissioned by the Duchess to follow Naundorff's movements and keep her informed of his activities. This latter, while refusing definitely to commit himself, gave the Duchess to understand that the evidence he had met with had greatly impressed him and that he considered her alleged brother's request for a meeting with her, in order to prove his case, a very reasonable one.

General de Larochejacquelin narrated afterwards that when the Duchesse d'Angoulême was on her death-bed she sent for him and said, 'General, I have something of extreme importance to tell you. My brother did not die; that has been the nightmare of my whole life. Promise me to do everything possible to find him, for France will not be happy and peaceful until he sits on the throne of his fathers. Swear to me that you will do everything that I ask you. At least I shall die easy and I think the weight on my heart will be lighter.'

It was Jules Favre, who as Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time signed the armistice of Versailles between France and Prussia in 1871, who to the end of his life acted as counsel for the Naundorff family. Jules Favre would never take a fee from Naundorff, but in order to show his gratitude to his friend, Naundorff presented him with a ring which he always subsequently wore. When the armistice of Versailles was signed Favre remarked to Bismarck that he had brought no seal with him. 'No matter,' replied the Chancellor, 'the imprint of the ring which you have on your finger will be quite sufficient.' So the armistice was

sealed with the ring of the soi-disant son of Louis XVI. It is a curious fact that eventually this ring passed into the possession of Georges Clemenceau, and the Treaty of Versailles after the Great War was sealed with the identical ring which had been employed on the occasion of France's defeat. When Baron Richemont (so called) was tried for posing as the son of Louis XVI, Favre was present to represent his client, as counsel for the Naundorff family. On this occasion a letter was read from Naundorff or, as he signed himself, Charles Louis Duc de Normandie, demanding the right to assert and prove his own claim.

A paragraph from this letter will explain the attitude adopted by Naundorff towards the various claimants whose credentials were demolished and to those who instigated them in their fraudulent misrepresentations.

'The man' (he says) 'who secretly employs the charlatan Richemont knows that the real son of Louis XVI is armed with all the proofs necessary to establish his origin and can prove his identity with the Dauphin of the Temple to the last particular. He knows equally well that every time that the royal orphan attempted to obtain recognition by his family a new Louis XVII appeared who was just as much an impostor as the man you are called upon to judge to-day. This personage knows that the son of Louis XVI has escaped by a miracle from the dastardly traps which were continually laid for him by the usurper Louis XVIII, who was aware of his existence and endeavoured to get rid of him at all costs.'

Naundorff now began to prepare his case for the lawsuit which was to secure his recognition, the judge at the trial of Richemont having stated that when he chose to appear his case would be tried. On June 13 he deposited his legal summons in Court and on June 15 he was arrested in his own house without any reason given. His papers were

confiscated and he himself taken to the Prefecture of Police, so great was the fear of the authorities that conclusive evidence might be brought forward which would establish his case and lead to the overthrow of the existing Government. In the *Conseil d'état* which had to pronounce on the case, Crémieux, afterwards celebrated as Minister of Justice, described the action of the authorities as flagrantly illegal. His client, he said, had appealed to the King's Courts and a Minister of the King had had him imprisoned without warrant. He reminded his hearers that the Government were resorting to pre-Revolutionary methods, and that the Revolution of 1789 had abolished *lettres de cachet* once and for all.

It was in vain. The action of the Government had been dictated by a fear of revelations which they dared not face. Naundorff was expelled from France and took refuge in England.

Mixed up with the case of Karl Naundorff are certain strange episodes which created a considerable stir in France at the time. It is probable that they did little good to the cause of the Pretender, who indeed had no knowledge or relationship with the visionary or clairvoyant, if we should so style him, who was the cause of this sensation. This was a certain Thomas Martin, a peasant of Gallardon, who found a circle of followers such as these illiterate prophets tend to collect round them. The case in a minor way is reminiscent of the voices of Joan of Arc. Martin, like her, received messages from a supposed 'Archangel Raphael,' which he was instructed to deliver to Louis XVIII. Like her, he was successful in obtaining an interview with the King, and like her, too, he was able to create a deep impression on His Majesty and left him fully convinced of the genuineness of his mission.

It was de la Rochefoucauld through whom this audience was negotiated and to whom the King afterwards confessed how deeply he was impressed. Martin's vision and interview with his celestial visitant took place on January 15, 1816, while he was busy in his field. Martin attempted to run away and avoid carrying out his orders, but to no avail. Finally he confided in the parish priest, who sent him to the Bishop of Versailles.

Martin was obviously an unwilling instrument. He was handed over to the Minister of Police, who was impressed by his quiet behaviour and the absence of any symptom of nervous excitement. These visions were evidently a thing apart in his life and there was nothing in his general demeanour to differentiate him from the ordinary peasant. On April 2, this amazing story continues, 'the angel' appeared to him and told him that he would be taken before the King and that all he had to say to His Majesty would be communicated to him at the right moment.

Everything happened as it had been foretold. Martin was conducted to the Palace and was at once admitted to the King's Cabinet, where the Minister of Police was waiting. The King thereupon ordered the Minister to withdraw and remained alone with Martin.

Martin, we are told, repeated to the King everything that 'the angel' had instructed him to say. Moreover, he told the King of many secret occurrences which had happened to him in his exile, which the King was able to verify, and he informed him of certain conspiracies which were being made against him, describing their instigators in such a way that it was impossible not to recognise them. Also he told him that he was occupying a position to which he had no right. The King, we are told, was deeply moved and raising his hands to Heaven exclaimed to Martin, 'These

are things which no one but you and I must know.' Martin, witnessing the King's deep emotion, promised him not to say a word. He declined to accept any reward from the King.

It was seventeen years later that Martin wrote to de la Rochefoucauld that he had found the man of whose existence he had spoken to Louis XVIII. Martin had in short identified Naundorff as the Dauphin. A few weeks later he died suddenly. His friends declared that he had been poisoned.

The last scene in the life of this ill-fated claimant to the throne of France took place at Delft, in Holland. 'The patient's last thoughts,' reported his doctors, 'were mainly occupied with his unhappy father, the late King Louis XVI, and with the terrible vision of the guillotine. At other times he folded his hands and prayed that he might be permitted to follow him to Heaven.'

'Charles Louis de Bourbon,' concludes the report, 'died in our presence on August 10, 1848.' His claim to the name had been recognised by the Dutch authorities. General van Meurs, who afterwards became Dutch Minister for War, was also present at his bedside during his last hours and during much of his fatal illness. 'Everything,' declared van Meurs, 'which the Pretender said, either in hours of consciousness or in delirium, was proof to him that the so-called Naundorff was the real Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI, and the victim of the intrigues and malice of his nearest relatives.' His gravestone in the churchyard of Delft bears the inscription :

Here lies

LOUIS XVII,

Charles Louis, Duc de Normandie,

King of France and Navarre

Born at Versailles on March 27th, 1785

Died at Delft on August 10th, 1845.

The Pretender's wife survived her husband for forty years. A shopkeeper's daughter of Havelberg, she had shared with him the ups and downs of his varied and tempest-tost career. In her later years she was known as 'the old Duchess' and enjoyed everywhere the respect of the townspeople and the authorities. Two sons and three daughters had been born to them and a number of their descendants are alive at the present day.

Doubtless conclusive evidence might yet be brought forward of the identity of the original claimant, if it were thought advisable to do so, but it is doubtful if the governments who are presumably in possession of the knowledge would consider it politic to give it publicity. There is strong reason to believe that the Papal See has full knowledge of the facts of the case and the Popes have constantly shown a markedly benevolent attitude towards the members of the Pretender's family, and have invariably addressed them in the style and titles to which they laid claim.

Numerous efforts were made to put up a monument in memory of Louis XVII. These, however, were always put a stop to by Royal intervention. Much as he desired to conceal the survival of his nephew, the idea of putting up a monument to one whom he had every reason to believe was still alive and entitled to occupy the throne of which he himself was the tenant, was more than Louis XVIII could stomach.

There is little doubt that political considerations have proved sufficiently powerful to suppress the evidence, abundant as it appears to have been, in a case where publicity might have led to complications in the government of France, the upshot of which no one could foresee and which statesmen of whatever party were not unnaturally reluctant to face.

It will have been observed that the evidence actually available in support of the escape of the Dauphin from the Temple is remarkably strong and that there is much that goes to establish his identification with Karl Naundorff; but what is perhaps even more impressive than the evidence itself is the very obvious fear that was aroused in the highest quarters lest the facts of the case should become public property. No effort, through a long series of years, was spared to secure this end, and those who had actual knowledge of the truth and were in a position to produce evidence in support of it were one after another mysteriously made away with, while permission was refused to bring the case into court and the evidential documents in the possession of the Pretender illegally abstracted and presumably destroyed. What deduction can we draw from this action on the part of the authorities except that they believed in the genuineness of the Naundorff claim and were determined at all costs to prevent its being openly demonstrated?

'FOUR ENGLISH MISSES.'

BY KATHLEEN BUTLER.

WE cycled ostensibly to see the country-side better. We wanted to study the castles of the Loire Valley before we died, and see them we did, although, as usual, the unexpected often happened during our tour. It usually does, with us. Actually, of course, cycling costs neither the price of petrol nor the wear and tear of shoe-leather—though one of the party certainly left a pair of worn-out shoes at an hotel, on purpose, and had them carefully posted after her by the obliging staff. Bicycle tyres, of course, are comparatively cheap.

We were surprised, however, when at least two of the bicycles showed flat tyres on arrival—after an all-too-uplifting crossing—at St. Malo ; especially as there was no sign of any puncture in either of them, and the valves were not faulty. Nor did we feel that the lamentable efforts of the cross-channel steamer to tip a dock-crane through the roof of the Douane could be held responsible for the suspicious way in which we were eyed by the Customs officials in the sheds. After all, we had not pushed the ship sideways against the wharf.

French girls, in that part of the country, apparently do not cycle much ; only the working men seem to appreciate that particular form of locomotion, and the sight of a solitary householder cycling back to his cave-dwelling with a very long roll of bread under his arm became a familiar sight. Not so the four English misses pedalling their way

along the valley roads. We were a constant source of surprise to the natives. But we saw the castles. France has a conscience about the repair and restoration of her national monuments and buildings which England rather lacks. We wished afterwards that we had had the courage to visit the famous cavalry school at Saumur, but we had just started our journey then, and we had scarcely gathered together enough nerve to walk into strange places in a strange land.

Between Blois and Orleans lies a village without castle or cathedral to distinguish it. We came upon it in the late afternoon, when the hot sun was still beating down on the tree-circled market-square. It was market-day, as the bright umbrellas over the stalls proclaimed, but it was very quiet. There was a drowsiness about the motionless trees, and the languid figures moving across the white dust, and the interior of the church smelt of stale incense and must and damp and depression. It was the only cool spot in the village, but we retreated from it hastily.

We tried to change some English money at the tiny bank, but they would have none of it. They directed us to an 'hotel' where we should be '*très comfortable*,' and where 'the two sisters' would, apparently, take English money without question.

The 'two sisters' were thrilled and delighted. They told the whole village about the 'four English misses' who were cycling alone—alone, if you please!—in France. Even *M. le Curé* had to hear about it. We heard about it through the window we had flung wide, while we ate our beautifully cooked, garlic-drenched supper in the tiny parlour.

The way upstairs led through the kitchen, where we caught a glimpse of the sisters' own box bed built into one corner. Our room was not very big, but it contained four

enormous double beds, and very little else. We felt lost and a little dismayed at the prospect.

We had scarcely begun to prepare for our immersion in the billows of pillows and feather mattresses when a commotion arose beneath our window (also flung wide for the first time in ages). Soon one of the sisters came, panting, up the stairs. Would we mind, desperately, moving into the smaller room? They had only two rooms, and a French family, *en automobile*, had arrived. We moved. The second room had only two double beds, with vast cotton curtains suspended from two inverted bowls on the ceiling. By this time we were all four controlling a regrettable tendency to laugh.

We slept very comfortably. The pillows and sheets smelt faintly of river water, but they were scrupulously clean, and the scent did not disturb our slumbers. How the '*en automobile*' family slept we never discovered. There were seven of them, and they whistled beneath our window at six in the morning because the tale of our cycling had spread to them, and they wanted to know what the mad Englishwomen looked like, before they set off again on their journey. They remained in ignorance.

That day one of the bicycles sprang a real puncture, and it took us over an hour to locate and mend it. By this time the two sisters were pressing in their desire to give us lunch. As we toiled in the cobbled yard, one of them came out and promised to kill one of the fluffy white rabbits in the cage behind us if we would stay to lunch. We felt it was more of a threat than a promise, and fled on our way to Orleans.

Thence to Paris, and so home. The French station officials have a most efficient way of dealing with bicycles. They sling them on hooks, in a row, on a perambulating cross-

bar. There is something pathetically helpless about a bicycle dangling by its front wheel.

The English Customs were easy, but for one thing.

'Let down a couple of tyres; that one and that one will do,' said the official. We must have looked blank, for he suddenly thawed. 'It's for drugs,' he explained; 'there's no knowing where people may carry them, and bicycle tyres are capable of hiding many things.'

Light dawned on us. And we are still wondering what the St. Malo Douane officials suspected us of smuggling into France in our tyres.

SOMEWHERE.

*O, somewhere down the swift-increasing years
That compass me like some still rising tide,
When Youth lies long forgotten, and the fears
Born of her innocence are set aside;*

*There I shall find what now I cannot hold,—
Your confidence, your dear delightful mirth,
And all the intimate things we have not told,
The joys that lift our spirits to heaven from earth;*

*When I shall see the well-remembered face
Less clearly, and the dear head bowed more white,
When Life's ambitions fade before Love's grace,
And all misgivings vanish with the night,*

*Our seeds of understanding shall have grown
And blossomed, in a garden all our own.*

J. O. GATES.

ANGLER'S MENTALITY.

BY HUISH EDYE.

How many of us have been irritated by the trite defence of the man who has never set himself to catch a trout, that he has not 'the patience for fishing'? Nevertheless, though I may disown the picture of myself that is probably in the speaker's mind—the picture of a blue-lipped stoic in overcoat and muffler astride a portable seat, surrounded by baskets, jars, and bait-cans, and disconsolately watching a float from the towing-path at Hampton—I recognise that the cliché has a foundation of good sense. For an appropriate mentality surely contributes more to the full enjoyment of angling than to that of any other pastime. In shooting we go straight to the roots and stubbles and flush our partridge, or have him driven over our heads. The football match begins punctually at two-thirty. But—at any rate if we are to be successful—we have to wait on the caprice of the trout. In angling the rôle of the angler is largely passive, and therefore the mentality or temperament he needs is of the order of patience.

After forty-odd years of fishing I think I can recognise the ideal mentality for the pastime. In other words, I think I know what frame of mind the angler should cultivate in order to get the greatest possible enjoyment from his angling. I have not attained it. But neither have I yet despaired of attainment. For I think I have progressed some way towards it, and I doubt very much whether anyone was ever born with it. It must needs be developed, and to develop a temperament is a slow process.

In early days I was very far indeed from what is now my ideal. My apprenticeship was served on Dartmoor, before the days of the motor-car. I used two flies fished wet and upstream ; that is to say, I fished the nymph, though wholly unconscious of the fact. There was a long tramp over the moor, a day-long scrambling among the rocks of three or four miles of brook or river, and another long tramp home in the evening ; with the left hand (if the day had been successful) under the creel, to ease the weight on the right shoulder. At the little inn the catch was carefully arranged (the bigger fish at the top) in a large dish, and displayed on the bar. And while drinking my pint (for my father had done me a great service by entering me to beer at a tender age) I wondered anxiously whether anyone had a better lot to show. Now all this, according to my present ideas, was very wrong—the general sense of hurry, the restless search for fish over a long stretch of water ; above all, the atmosphere of competition. For competition can ruin any sport ; sport that is in the strict sense of the term, which includes only the pursuit of game. But however deplorable my attitude to it, I enjoyed this fishing immensely ; never missing a possible fishing day, or even part of a day, in any weather. I was off the moment I had finished breakfast, seldom found time to eat my sandwiches, and generally arrived back late for dinner—at which more than once I have fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion.

The little inn I speak of was called, when I first knew it, the 'Saracen's Head.' Soon afterwards a new bar (and a very comfortable one) was added for residents only, and it became the 'Two Bridges Inn.' It had then a small sitting-room and a dining-room with a single table. Years later it was greatly extended, a large dining-room was built and filled with a number of small tables, and it was

re-named the 'Two Bridges Hotel.' Perhaps one day a site will be found for a ballroom, a few palm trees will be bought, and the last successor of the old 'Saracen's Head' will be 'The Palace Hotel, Two Bridges.' Which God forbid.

At the inn—as it still was when I was a young man—I have often listened to discussions of the origin of the name 'Two Bridges.' There was only one bridge, and we could find no traces of the former existence of a second; not even of a 'clapper'—the primitive bridge of uncemented granite blocks to be found on most of the Dartmoor streams. A few years ago the local authority decided that the approaches to the bridge were dangerous, and built a new bridge to carry a straighter road over the river. The old bridge, some thirty yards below, remains to serve the hotel only. In the future it will be obvious to everyone why the place is called 'Two Bridges.' And everyone will be mistaken.

Before the large dining-room was added the inn was frequented almost exclusively by fishermen, occasionally accompanied by their families. A permanent resident for some years was one of a small community of sportsmen who lived on the Moor throughout the year—some of them reputed to be pensioned by their relations on condition that they did not leave what was then an inaccessible tract. Dartmoor will long remember Daubeney, who died only a year or two ago—a man of huge physique, menacing in appearance and of sardonic humour, but in reality kind-hearted and chivalrous. An instance of his humour has always stuck in my memory. An old lady (who was writing, I think, a book on the archæology of the Moor) used to stay at the inn. One morning Daubeney, who was generally up at dawn, came down late for breakfast. As he entered the room the old lady turned to him and said,

'I wish, Mr. Daubeney, that when you are having your bath you would close the bathroom door.' Instantly came Daubeney's retort. 'Dammit, madam,' he said, 'I am not deformed.'

I persisted in my early angling methods till I went up to Oxford, where I was initiated into the dry fly by a Wykehamist who had learnt the craft on the Itchen. He had one of the earliest motor-bicycles, and a trailer with a wicker-work body; and he used to take me in the trailer to the Coln at Fairford. Of trailers, now happily extinct, it is charitable to say that they were fairly comfortable at low speeds, and fairly safe in the straight. But I have never been so grateful for a lift as I was to Ramsay on those Saturdays of May and June.

We used to reach Fairford in time for an early breakfast; fish till about six; bolt a gargantuan high tea at the 'Bull'; fish again till it was too dark to see—and sometimes perhaps a little later; and then direct from the riverside, fishy, mud-stained and wet—for we waded freely but had no waders—struggled back to College before midnight, as discipline required. Generally we brought back a few brace of trout, and my contribution to the bag increased as time went on, though I do not think it ever equalled Ramsay's. Though perforce more leisurely than my Devonshire experience had made me, Ramsay was a restless fisherman. I took him as my model; and neither of us wasted overmuch time on an unresponsive fish, but left him to look for another. One Saturday during the Mayfly an elderly man, who had arrived by the morning train, left the river about tea-time having killed his limit—three brace, several fish being two-pounders. He had not moved all day from a stretch of about fifty yards at the bottom of the water, where one fishes from the right bank towards a row of

willows. I remember wondering whether his method, besides being more comfortable, was not also more profitable than ours. Thirty years later I have no doubt at all that it was.

At about this period I had a week's fishing on the Yorkshire Ribble near Settle. This water, though much rougher than the Coln, is not so rough as the Dartmoor streams, and it occurred to me that it might repay an experiment with the dry fly, of which none of the local fishermen had ever heard. The experiment succeeded beyond my hopes, and I made baskets which—not in numbers but in average weight—were quite abnormal for the river. My host tried to cool my enthusiasm—I am afraid I may have been offensively elated—by saying that the success of my method was due only to its novelty. He died soon afterwards, I regret to say, and I have not had the good fortune to fish the Ribble since. But I think he was correct only to the extent that I had the first shy at the bigger fish whose station rendered them vulnerable to the dry fly but invulnerable to the wet. Now that the former is (presumably, as on similar waters) in general use, such trout must be portioned out to the angling community at large.

The success of my experiment on the Ribble encouraged me to repeat it on the Dart, with the result that even on that rapid river I have used the floating fly ever since. For many years afterwards I continued to fish wet when the water was big, and probably it pays to do so. Later I abandoned the wet fly altogether, but only because I found that catching fewer (though not smaller) fish on the dry fly gave me greater enjoyment. I should say that I make no claim to have introduced the dry fly to the moorland waters of the Dart and its tributaries. As far back as I can remember, and till his death perhaps ten years ago, a

master of moorland trout fishing named Collins used to stay at Two Bridges for a month or so every year, making heavy baskets, whatever the day, with a floating Coch-y-bondhu. I never saw him in action, nor I think did any of us, for he was a strangely secretive fisherman ; which explains why his methods were not imitated. Still earlier, so I have been told, the dry fly was used occasionally on the quieter reaches of the river below Holnc, but there the Dart has lost its moorland character.

The change of method developed from my experience of chalk-stream practice automatically abated the strenuous character of my fishing. But temperament is not altered easily, and I continued to be, and to some extent still am, an inquiet angler. Meanwhile it was all to the good that the mere physical exertion involved in catching trout had been reduced. Whether you alter your methods by the ordinary process of development or not, there comes a time towards middle age when, in the matter of pastimes, it is wise to take stock of your position. The occasion for this is indicated when your children begin to laugh if you say that you are going into town to get your hair cut. Is not a round of golf now more suitable exercise than four or five games of squash ? And does it still do you much good—or give you a real balance of pleasure—to follow a steep and rocky burn to its head waters half-way up a mountain ? I can think of more than one of my contemporaries who have refused to be warned by the ribaldry of youth, and who have suffered in consequence.

Nowadays, however, there are few, even among boys, who fish in my early manner as described above. My own sons from the first would have none of it. More than that, they have already acquired an angling mentality superior to mine. If they find a trout moving that is clearly desirable,

they feel no urge to leave him, however dour he prove. This urge I have always felt strongly. Why waste time here—I say to myself—when there is bound to be as good a fish, and an easier one, in the pool below the bridge? But year by year, I think, I resist the urge more often, and nearly always I am glad that I have done so. And if there is one thing of which I am certain, it is that the main ingredient of the ideal angling mentality is the opposite inclination—that is to say, an unwillingness to be tempted away from a fish that has satisfied you as to his credentials and that continues to feed on the surface. Such a fish, if you stick to him, falls to you in the end (in my experience) far more often than not. And you will get more enjoyment from the catching of him than you would from the finding in the pool below the bridge of another good fish who sucks down the first fly you offer him. And how often does that pool below the bridge draw blank after all?

My sons had an advantage which I missed. They were entered to chalk and limestone streams early in their fishing lives. On streams issuing from moor or mountain, which are impregnated with peat and therefore too acid to support much vegetable growth, the hatch of fly is so sparse that it is seldom profitable, wet or dry, to fish the rise only. Ordinarily one is compelled to fish the water. Now fishing the water is not the unintelligent and chancy business that the purist would have it to be. We do not fish *all* the water, but only such bits of it as experience—general or particular—has taught us to be likely to hold good trout: here the lee of a big rock on the edge of the main current, there a quiet glide under the alders on the far bank. If we have particular experience—that is to say, experience of the water we are actually fishing—such places may be very few. Some of the most likely looking spots seem to be invariably

untenanted. On the Dart I often cover in a day's fishing a stretch of nearly three miles (though not in the manner of my youth). The river here describes three parts of a circle, and brings me back within easy distance of my starting-point (and of my car). In the whole of this length there are not more than twenty places where I wet a line. Over forty years' experience has convinced me that there are no others which hold abnormal trout. One of these places is a shallow gravelly run, about a yard broad and 5 yards long; so insignificant that probably no one else bothers about it. In this, year after year, I catch a trout of between 13 and 14 inches—a very exceptional fish for the upper Dart. He varies greatly in condition. Sometimes he is about a pound. This year he was a poor snake-like creature of barely three-quarters. But at the beginning of the season he is always there—the same trout if one did not know him to be another.

The fact that in the trout stream a desirable residence will always attract a good, and generally the same, class of tenant is well known. I am going to narrate an extreme instance, throwing myself on the mercy of the reader. Let him believe it or not. In 1905 I joined a reading party on Dartmoor. Below our farm quarters flowed the Swincombe, a tiny tributary of the West Dart. I have, very rarely, killed trout in it of three-quarters of a pound. But I have always been very pleased to kill a half-pounder. One sunny August afternoon, the water being at summer level, I went down to the Swincombe for the sake rather of exercise than of serious fishing. In a small rock pool having no feature to distinguish it from any other I hooked a very big trout. To my astonishment—I had at the time no experience of very big trout—it did not cut my cast among the rocks; it was still attached after two terrifying

jumps ; I was able to stop it when it seemed disposed to make for the open sea ; and at last it turned over on its side. I shelved it against a sloping stone and, having no net, put my right hand over it. It slithered through my fingers—and was gone. I was not then an accurate judge of weight, but I knew that the fish if not a two-pounder was very little less.

The light went out of the world. I reeled up and walked back to the farm. And for several days I devoted myself to the uninterrupted study of the classics ; which was, I now remembered, the object of my being there.

This happened shortly after my twenty-first birthday. A few years ago my elder son, then (within a month or so) of the same age, came home on holiday in August. There was a drought, and we practically abandoned fishing. One hot Sunday at about midday he suddenly decided to take his rod up to the Moor. A few hours later I was not surprised to see him return. The reason for his return was not, however, what I supposed.

But there, you can guess the rest. He also had no net. But he managed things better than I did, though he must, I think, have shelved his fish on the same stone. It was a beautiful trout of $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb., not at all of the cannibal type that one would expect it to be in such a water as the Swincombe. Nor was the ancestor that I handled but did not catch.

This reservation of certain stations for the élite is particularly strict in streams where normally the trout are small. And I stress it because I think it helps to explain the attractiveness of 'fishing the water,' which the purist finds so difficult to understand. Certainly it accounts (pending my attainment of the ideal angler's mentality) for my being able still to fish the Dart with enjoyment. Though nowa-

days I devote the cream of the season to chalk and limestone streams, the Dart remains (for the pursuit of trout) my home water; and the imperfect mentality I have attained in regard to it, which I think I can describe intelligibly, adjusts itself to different conditions when I fish elsewhere. On the Dart I would far rather kill a brace weighing a pound and a half than three brace weighing 3 lb. When I start fishing I set before myself the former enterprise. But as the day wears on without achievement, inevitably I begin to feel that the latter is good enough. This is the reaction that I hope some day to overcome. I have convinced myself that on the Dart, given normal conditions, it is reasonably possible to kill in a day a brace weighing a pound and a half. Over a period of years I have done it perhaps a dozen times. I believe that, if only my resolution held out till the end of the day, I could do it half as often in a season. And if I succeeded to that extent, I should enjoy the days of failure more than if I made sure always of carrying home a creelful of undistinguished trout.

What I regard as the ideal mentality should be sufficiently clear from this illustration. A further refinement is possible; but not, certainly, for me, nor I think for the great majority of us. In the Dart the best trout of my acquaintance is a very difficult fish of over a pound and a quarter. An angler whom I meet on the Kennet would sit down to this trout (though it very rarely feeds on the surface), if necessary for days, disregarding all others. And he would end by catching it. But he is an outstanding craftsman. I have not sufficient confidence in myself to emulate his mentality, and I do not recommend it for general imitation.

On the other hand, an almost equally good angler whom I meet on the Otter has his fishing spoiled for him, as it seems

to me, by a determination at all costs to 'catch the limit.' If towards nightfall he is a brace or so short of this objective, he will leave a promising pounder to search for easy 9-inch fish. A fisherman of any pretensions at all should at least be able to overcome this obsession. By doing so he will add very greatly to his enjoyment. Of that I am quite certain.

It is, of course, far easier to live up to a high ideal if you have access to really good fishing than if you have to be content with the dour and harried trout of hotel or association waters. As I have said, I know the angling mentality that I desire for myself, but have not attained it—not, that is, as a permanent attribute. But once, under exceptionally favourable conditions, I won and held it without faltering for a month. That month is still the richest of my fishing memories.

My father had, at the time of which I speak, a lease of a short stretch of the Otter. I was on leave from India, and devoted the whole of a perfect June to it. I made a sketch-map of the water, and as I found an exceptional trout, named it and plotted it on to the map. In a few days the map held enough names to give me ample choice of quarry. As a fish was accounted for, the weight and date of capture was entered against its name. The map is now a permanent record in my game book, and is before me as I write. The bigger fish seem generally to have been stationed in pairs, and many after removal were replaced—sometimes twice replaced—within the month. I see that Derry (15 oz.) was the first to go. Toms defeated me to the end. Debenham (1 lb. 1 oz.) and Freebody (1 lb. 2 oz.) died on the same day. Lloyd George I (1½ lb.), Lloyd George II (1 lb.) and Lloyd George III (1 lb.) were all caught at intervals of about a week under the same

tussock. But the premier entry, though made in June, was not actually closed till the autumn. This runs 'Albert Edward ($1\frac{3}{4}$ lb.) Sept. 12.' Albert Edward was a well-known trout that lived for several years under the right-hand arch of the village road bridge. A big alder bush made attack from the right bank impossible. He could only be covered by a back-handed cast from the water. In June I hooked him twice. On both occasions he rushed down straight into the submerged roots of the alder bush, before I could tighten on him, and freed himself there. At the third and last encounter I plunged into the roots myself before he could reach them. On seeing me there he lost his head, and the rest was easy. He is the only fish I have ever had set up. The catching of no other trout, however big, is such a satisfactory memory.

That stretch of the Otter was a wonderful piece of water. I have fished other streams that are accounted far better, but none that I have liked so well or on which I have not found it harder to preserve a virtuous mentality. On the Kennet, for instance, the second-best trout are by ordinary standards such very good fish that they corrupt almost all of us. On my first Kennet day this year, in mid-May, I had at lunch-time a leash weighing $6\frac{1}{2}$ lb., the best being $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; which should content anyone anywhere. Yet I was uneasily conscious that I should either have caught or be still attacking a trout of $3\frac{3}{4}$ lb. (I know his weight because I got him when the May fly came up in June) which early in the day I had found rising, and which, though still unalarmed, I had abandoned after half an hour. There are some Kennet anglers who would not have fallen as I did, and I hope one day to be of their number. But that greatest of them all, who would have disregarded even Leviathan in order to watch Behemoth, a six-pounder who might

possibly take a dun or two in the course of the day—him I can never emulate. Nor do I think that a man of normal temperament would enjoy his fishing if he did so.

Difficult as is the path of virtue on a first-class chalk stream, I still think that it is most difficult of all on the rivers of moor and mountain, and that the perfect angler is he who on Dart or Tavy will not turn aside for a half-pounder. What then? If I have a free choice of my water, will I spurn the chalk and cleave to the peat? It is better to be honest. A life-long dream has been of the day when an Oil King or a Guano Magnate will clap me on the back and say, 'My boy, you have saved my life from drowning'—or from fire, but that would be more dangerous—'What can I do for you? Money no object.' Back would come my answer, held ready for the last forty years and more—'Buy me the Test.'

THE DEAD HAND.

BY LUCIA M. COOKE.

SHE was alone—utterly alone, and the silence round her chilled her blood, and benumbed all her faculties. It had been growing upon her for days, wearing her down, clutching at her, gripping her with icy fingers, till she felt she could bear it no longer ; and she, who had never been alone before, she, who had always had the managing imperious old woman now lying dead in the next room to rule and direct her, looked out aghast at the sudden desolation that had overtaken her. The dead woman, capable and energetic to the last, had always had her place in the world. She had held her own even in extreme old age, but her daughter had never had any place at all. Any she might have had, had gone with the silent figure lying so straitly under the sheet in the front room ; and she herself might almost as well have been a disembodied spirit for all the hold she had on life. To-morrow the dead woman would be buried, and then the last tie that bound her to the living world would be severed, and she would pass out alone into a world in which she knew not a single soul of all the countless millions that covered its surface.

They had been a singularly self-centred pair, and her isolation was complete. The cottage was a mile from the village, and they knew none of their neighbours. It had been her mother's wish, and mother and daughter had roused much covert hostility by their attitude. Coming some years ago from a distant town in the South, to which the younger woman would return on the morrow, they

had been treated as strangers to the very end; even their speech was different from that of the country-folk around them, and their acknowledged superiority still further cut them off from familiar intercourse. For there is no barrier like superiority for dividing us from our fellows. We can, most of us, stand inferiority, but we all naturally resent a grade higher than our own. Thus the secret of their poverty had been well kept, and the sympathy that might have been theirs in bearing so common a burden was never forthcoming. The villagers went their way resentfully, and the two women went theirs. Their orbits never crossed, and in such a system it was hardly to be expected that they would. The universe is vast, but never so vast as in the distance it can set between individual lives and individual souls; and certainly, in their case, the inhabitants of Mars were not further removed from village ken than they were.

One or two women had indeed ventured to the house the day after Martha Price's death, but they had not been invited to enter the death-chamber usually thrown open to all comers with gruesome hospitality; and they had departed shocked that the customary observances due to the dead should be so neglected and ignored. To visit the dead, to look upon their waxen faces, their peacefully resting bodies was in their eyes the prerogative of the survivors. What was the use of having walked the same streets, and breathed the same air, and looked out upon the same scenes for a lifetime, if, when the great moment came to you and yours, no one of your contemporaries was there to witness it, and pay their last tribute of awe, wide-eyed and open-mouthed at the first touch of infinity that had come your way? It is for this purpose that the cottager may be said to have his lying-in-state as truly as any king, though his pall be no better than an unbleached sheet with a darn in

it, and his compeers stand round him in smock-frocks and fustian.

To-night was the last night the desolate woman would spend in her old home, and as it closed down upon her, the horror grew as it had been growing steadily and surely every night since her mother died. Her mother had ruled her with a rod of iron, telling her what to eat, what to wear, what to think, and it had been a loyal and complete submission on her part, though there had been moments when she had surreptitiously thought her lot too closely ordered; but now she would have given anything to hear again the familiar voice ordering, directing, and laying down the law. To have law and order provided for one, that was everything, but now she was in the new and awful position of being her own law and order. She shivered and shook in the throes of a bereavement that left her thus denuded, and she sat crouching lower and lower over the dying embers in the grate, too broken and nerveless to move, shrinking from she knew not what, fearing she could never have told what unknown horror and dismay. 'I am going mad, they will find me senseless in the morning.'

She had said this every night for the last three nights, but every morning the blessed daylight had brought her a respite. But to-night she knew she would never get through it. The long fearful hours would crawl and crawl and crawl; she could never last out, and long before morning she would be raving. As she realised the intolerable length of the long night before her, a wild panic of fear seized her. The moment, the overwhelming moment she had been expecting had come, and her mind reeled under it. Would it give way under the strain? She would certainly go under if no relief came, and it must come quickly if it was to save her. Suddenly she realised that only supernatural aid could

reach her now, and in her very desperation she sent up an involuntary cry for help : ' Save me, O God, save me ! '

Yet she had never in her life been what is called a religious woman. The unbroken reserve she and her mother had maintained towards the physical world had also been maintained towards the spiritual world. They told their trials to none : they left even the Divinity out of their confidence. The desolate woman had been brought low indeed when she called in the aid of the Almighty. She almost regretted the sudden impulse as soon as she had given way to it, already she saw the futility of it. God was so far off, and the affairs of this world were so widely removed from His ken, but she had no one else. It was her only hope. Yet why should He care ? Death was common enough ; people died by the thousand every day, and were mourned for ; but surely no one was so utterly bereft as she was. Would her cry be heard ? Would God out of His millions send one, even one other human being to her aid ? Would He not spare one to help her press back the culminating horror that threatened every moment to overwhelm her ?

The room was as quiet as a sepulchre, but just then a slight sound attracted her attention. Her supersensitive ears seemed to detect the fall of a step lightly planted upon the boards outside. She listened breathlessly ; someone was moving with caution, someone had come to a standstill outside the door. Was God really about to answer her prayer ?—a strange hope dawned in her breast. She watched the door intently ; presently it swayed inwards without a sound, as noiselessly closed again, leaving the shadow of a man vaguely outlined upon the wall behind.

' Come in ! Come in ! whoever you be,' she cried to the shadow on the wall. ' You be welcome, oh ! dearly welcome ! ' and a sigh of boundless relief ran through her

thin frame and spread itself over her drawn and haggard features. At the totally unexpected sound, the shadow on the wall might have been seen to stoop suddenly and half-lift some heavy tool or instrument, and then as suddenly relax his hold, arrested by the sudden sweetness of the thin high-pitched voice which filled the low-ceiled room with a very *Te Deum* of thankfulness. The man, whoever he was, who had insinuated himself into the room at that hour of the night, had not expected to meet anyone there, least of all had he expected a welcome of that kind. What did it mean?—he was completely taken aback, and staggered by his unlooked-for reception. His slouching figure became more plainly visible, taking definite substance and shape as he advanced farther into the room in response to her invitation.

‘Be you an angel from God?’ she queried breathlessly, looking at her strange nocturnal visitor. She was ready to believe in any miracle out of sheer thankfulness at finding herself in company of another human being.

‘I ain’t never been took for sich before, marm,’ he said with an awkward and embarrassed laugh, his bristling hair and protruding chin darkly outlined against the wall behind him. ‘Was you expecting one?’ he went on. ‘But you be making a mistake somewheres. There ain’t no angels in my trade.’

‘What is your trade?’ she asked with infinite relief at being within speech of another living soul.

‘Well, not to deceive you, marm,’ said the man with some hesitation, ‘I be a house-breaker by profession. What they calls a burglar.’ From his shabby appearance his ‘trade’ did not seem to have benefited him much; he was evidently not a success at it.

‘But not to-night. Oh! not to-night!’ cried the

woman eagerly. 'To-night you come on lawful business, on God's own business. He's sent you to help me because I be so lonesome. If you only knew how glad I be to see you ! I ain't spoke a word to a soul for days. I'd have gone clean off my head if you hadn't come the minute you did. I couldn't have bore it a hour longer.'

The rough figure looked down at the frail woman before him. 'You do seem all wore-out, and done-for,' he said, with a touch of involuntary compassion. He was strangely touched by the childlike confidence, the naïve trust she reposed in him. It was so long since he had roused confidence in anyone. Doubtless, she was daft and quite off her head, but it moved him nevertheless. Any other woman in her senses would have instantly questioned his presence there, all tremors and shrinkings and ready to scream for help at the very first sight of him. Perhaps it was all a ruse on her part to put him off the scent. Perhaps she wasn't so daft as she looked after all. It was reported that the women who lived in the cottage were misers, there was doubtless treasure hidden away in queer places—under floors or behind rafters, if all the stories about them were true such as he had heard at the farm where he had slept only the night before.

'I ain't here on no religious stunt o' that sort,' he said, coming back to the business in hand a little roughly.

The woman did not seem to take in the meaning of his words ; she was too intent on drinking in the blessed sound of another human voice to listen much to what the voice was saying. She leant back luxuriously in her old rocking-chair to enjoy the full relief and comfort of it. The confusion and horror passed out of her mind ; her wits came back to her. She sat up in her chair, and eyed her visitor with intense interest. To anyone else, it might have seemed

at first sight that the man was hardly one whom God would have been expected to pick out for His task. Some might have thought the Divine Purpose somewhat hidden under that grim and forbidding exterior, but the Divine Purpose was quite clear to the weary woman in the chair, and in any case, she was too thankful for his presence there to find fault with his appearance. For that night, at least, the man had come as a saviour and deliverer from untold horrors, and no beauty of an angel at a distance could have equalled in value the near presence of this rough-featured man at her elbow. Doubtless in saner moments, she would have questioned his presence in the house at that hour, but fear had cast out every other feeling and made her insensible to all else. God had sent this shabby man to her rescue, and the prayer she had offered and of which he was the direct outcome seemed to clothe him with all necessary authority and power. Burglar or no burglar, what matter?—he came after all in the guise in which God Himself had chosen to send him.

‘Won’t you sit down?’ she said with eager urgency.

‘Ain’t you narvous, marm?’ asked her predatory visitor, edging on to the chair his hostess indicated. He was hardly flattered by the total absence of alarm or even of surprise in her attitude. ‘Might a’most have been expecting of me,’ he commented to himself.

‘Why yes,’ she admitted, ‘I was nervous, terribly nervous, before you came. My nerves were all to pieces. I hardly thought I should have survived to morning. But now you have come, I feel a wonderful relief, oh! a wonderful relief!’ and a note of almost passionate gratitude rang in her voice, and lit up her tired worn face.

The man was completely non-plussed by her attitude, and looked at her with a puzzled air. In her delicate

pallor and frail emaciation, her soft worn face, and gentle movements, she was far removed from anything he was accustomed to.

'What's wore you out so?' he said with a kindly impulse his rough exterior would never have gained him credit for. 'I ain't never seed anyone so wore out since my mother was took.'

'Your mother dead too?' said the woman, leaning towards him with eager sympathy.

'She died when I was a lad, and things ain't never gone right with me since. She was a thin woman like you, marm, slim as a willow-wand, and likely to break as easy; and she had a-plenty to break her. My father drank, and my brothers treated her rough.'

'But you never did,' said the woman with quiet confidence.

'It be my comfort now, but I wasn't much help to her. A delicate woman do need a mort o' care; but I did my best. It fair broke me when she died, and I went to the bad pretty quick without her. It is wonderful what power a weak woman has to keep a man straight! Talking to you reminds me o' her. You and she be a pair.' And as he looked at her, his mind switched backward to the memory of the delicate fragile woman whose son he had been.

'You got to thank God for yer likeness to her,' he went on solemnly. 'Without that I might ha' committed a crime this night. A rap on the head when I fust come in, and where 'ud you be now, marm—a-lying on this yer floor most likely, awaiting for yer own coffin.'

'You couldn't harm a mouse to-night, not if you wanted to,' said the woman with unbroken conviction. 'You be here on God's errand, not your own.' And she looked at him with unshaken confidence. Violence might be pos-

sible in other men, at other times, on other nights, but to-night he was a divine messenger bound to his appointed task, whatever his yesterdays and to-morrows might contain.

'Well, yer can say what yer like, but it be lucky for you as you got that there peaky look of hern, and that little bit of a body like a bird's,' maintained the man with some obstinacy. He was not going to have his mother's likeness discounted and set aside for any religious nonsense of that sort. But there again the woman resembled his mother, believing in God, bah!—women were all like that!

'My mother be dead too,' said the woman with a new sense of companionship.

'When was it you lost her? and ain't you never got over it?' asked the man.

'I haven't had time yet,' said the woman. 'She's only just dead. She is a-lying in there.' And she pointed to the next room.

'In there?' he said with a gasp at the narrow escape he had had of entering a room with a dead woman in it. It was quite a toss-up which door he had opened. It wasn't fair to be leaving corpses about like that, and no warning to chance comers; it was playing it very low down, even on a burglar. It annoyed him, and his original purpose, which had dropped out of sight for the moment owing to his strange reception, came back to him.

'Ain't you rich? Ain't she left you all she got?' he demanded in quite another tone of voice. Mothers had slid entirely into the background, and he was once more the night-thief, the stealer of property.

'It wasn't much,' said the woman gently. 'When I'd paid for the grave and the oak coffin and the brass fittings, six handles and the name-plate,' she enumerated carefully,

'there wasn't much left. It's all in that bag,' she added, as she opened the ancient receptacle in her lap and spread out the few soiled notes and the loose silver it contained.

'There's about three pund in all,' she said, 'enough to get me to our old village in E—shire, where I'm going to-morrow after I've buried her. They've promised me a caretaker's job at the Schools, seeing I was the old head-master's daughter. We came away here to hide how poor we was, when he died, but now it don't matter. She can't be hurt in her feelings any more, and there won't be anyone to remember me.' She paused, then added with a catch in her voice, 'I ain't got long to wait now. They'll be coming round in the morning to fasten down the coffin. It's been left open till now.'

'Why, maybe I could help you there,' said the man with surprising gentleness. 'I be pretty handy with them tools, and a friendly hand would be better nor a stranger's. I'd do it gentle-like, and feel sorry all the time.'

'Would you?' said the woman. 'It would be a real comfort to me.' The man stooped to lift his house-breaking tools from the floor, and they passed out into the next room side by side. How different it felt to stand there in company with someone else! The awful feeling of loneliness was gone: the world was no longer a desert, but restored to normal by the presence of this chance stranger, whose simple ordinary attitude towards the sad events of life seemed somehow to take the horror out of them and make them more endurable. Under his influence, Death seemed to lose some of its sting, and the grave its terror; making even the dread act of closing down the coffin seem a natural and kindly deed.

As they stood together silently—a strangely assorted couple—he suddenly broke the silence in a hoarse whisper.

'You ain't never a-going to bury her with that there ring on her finger?' he expostulated in an agitated voice.

'It was the last bit she had kept of all our things. It's only right it should go with her now,' she answered. A sore temptation rose in the man's mind; the ring was old-fashioned enough, but the pearls were good, and there was money in it.

'I do believe I've left the very tool I'll be wanting in t'other room,' he said with ready cunning.

'I'll fetch it,' she said. The man looked after her—she was an easy dupe. Then turning his eyes to the stiffly-folded hands before him, he unaccountably hesitated.

'I ain't never robbed the dead afore,' he muttered, keeping his professional ears open all the while to the movements of the woman in the next room. 'And she was her mother. Mothers is different to other folk.' A sudden thought flashed through his mind. 'She might tell my mother that I done it!' He hesitated no longer. The coffin-lid was lifted with despatch, and swiftly adjusted; the screws went into their place like lightning; and the man worked with feverish haste to shut the temptation out of sight for ever.

'I can't find it nowhere,' said the returning woman with a little pucker of distress on her face.

'I didn't expect you would, marm,' said the man truthfully. 'So I finished it without.'

'It be real good of you,' said the woman, passing her hand along the shining surface with a mute caress.

'Do you reckon as we'll ever see 'em again?' said the shabby man with anxiety in his tone. The belief in immortality is hard to kill even in the worst of us, and all the coffins ever made and all the graves ever dug have never been able to destroy it yet.

'Why, for certain, they'll be waiting for us. It may be long or short, but they'll be there,' she answered with conviction. An hour or two ago she might not have been quite so sure of her belief. The dead were dead, and she had been alone. Since then God had answered her prayer, He had come to the rescue. This messenger He had sent, unspiritual of aspect though he might be, proved the existence of the great Power that lies at the back of the world. She had not been forsaken. God was in His Heaven, all was right with the world !

Just then the dawn looked in at the low window with a new and revivifying power. The day was dawning out of a tender luminous sky ; a thrush sat outside and sang its jubilate ; the long night was over, and the woman was saved.

When the time came for the poor little procession with its one mourner to start for the cemetery, it seemed only natural that the man should fall in and take his place by her side. He had meant to slip away in the small hours, but something held him back ; was it, perhaps, their mutual loss, their mutual loneliness ? The simple burial was soon over, and it was time to go. There was nothing more to keep them, but the woman lingered.

'Let's sit a bit,' she said, when the undertaker's men had all gone ; and they sat down on a flat slab close by.

'I'm not troubled any more about myself, but I be troubled about you,' she said with quiet urgency. The man moved uneasily, apologetically.

'I ain't worth it, marm,' he said, his conscience pricked by her solicitude on his behalf.

'You were never meant to live as you're living ; you were meant to live honest,' she continued, her transparent belief in him illumining her pale worn face.

'It's want o' work makes criminals,' said the man, 'and I can't get work. Hunger will drive a man to anything.'

'That ain't no excuse. I've lain hungry at night many a time, and so has she,' said the woman, pointing to the open grave whose occupant at least would never hunger nor thirst any more.

'But there's worse things than hunger,' she continued, pausing to let her words sink in. 'And as for work, there's plenty of farm-hands wanted in E—shire where I be going.'

'But who'll speak for me there?' said the shabby man.

'I will,' she said with that God-given wisdom of the heart which takes the part of the sinner, and ranges itself on his side.

The man looked at her with strange new hope. What faith she had! She was very like his mother in that. His mother had always believed the best in him.

'The first thing to do is to get rid of them tools,' the woman went on. 'They'll be tempting you again before long. If they are there you'll use them: but if they ain't there you can't use them.' She had become quite practical where he was concerned.

'What'll I do with 'em?' he obediently asked. His obedience was so much taken for granted that he could not but obey—this frail worn-out woman had the same power over him as his mother had had.

Martha Price's grave was still open: it was not filled in yet. The sexton had begun to shovel in the earth, but seeing the mourners linger he had gone off on some other errand. Mourners, he knew from experience, never liked the filling-in process, it hurt their feelings, and there was no need to hurry with the dead. The man looked at the open cavity.

'I might drop 'em in there, if you was willing,' he said, and she silently nodded her head while he slipped them one by one over the edge, and they fell to the bottom with a dull thud. The shabby man looked after them.

'Maybe she'll tell my mother how I done it for her sake and yourn,' he muttered. Then he took the spade the sexton had left behind him, and set to work vigorously to fill in the narrow chasm. It took some time, while the woman rested on the flat slab close by and watched him. It seemed as if Martha Price was to be served once more in the last offices by amateur rather than professional hands. The informal burying was strangely soothing to her daughter. This shabby nondescript man she was watching seemed to throw a familiar aspect over the grave itself; and surely her mother would sleep better under the friendly action of the spade in the hands of a penitent thief, than in those of a sexton who had no need of repentance.

They turned at last to leave the cemetery, and had passed out through the gate on to the high road, when a police sergeant came rapidly down the hill on his bicycle. He stopped suddenly on seeing them, and got off. He advanced towards the man.

'I was looking for someone of your description,' he said significantly. 'You were seen to enter a dwelling-house last night, and a man at Tyler's Farm says he saw a jemmy and other house-breaking tools in your bag when you opened it in the barn. Now, my man, I'll ask you to account for your movements since this time yesterday. Where did you spend the night?'

The woman stepped forward with her sweet earnest face turned to the police officer.

'I can tell you best where he was. He was bringing comfort and help to me. He saved my reason and my

life. It's thanks to him I stand here a sane woman to-day.'

'How did he get into your house, miss?—that's the point,' said the sceptical officer, looking with a puzzled air from the delicate, refined face of the woman to the uncouth figure at her side. It was clear to him that 'rogue' was written all over the man's face, but then he was looking for the 'rogue' while the woman was looking for something quite different.

'How did he get into your house, miss?' he repeated.

'Why, you see, it was like this: he came in answer to prayer. God sent him; he was a special messenger straight from Him. Doors and windows couldn't keep him out.'

'Why no! not likely, with a complete set of house-breaking tools in his possession!' scoffed the emissary of the law. And turning briskly to the man, 'I'll ask you to turn out that bag on the grass,' he ordered curtly, 'and then maybe I'll believe you.'

A look of quiet understanding passed between the woman and the man as he emptied out the bag.

THE MESSAGE.

*Out of the park the evening wind blew in,
Breathing quick messages of grass and trees
Into the fragrant drawingroom. - Disturbed,
The chandelier tinkled a glassy note.*

*The lady rose, leaving a written page
Which was to fly thousands of airy miles
And make a subaltern in India laugh.
It fluttered to the ground, when she was gone,
And lay there dead, while she unhooked the latch
That held the garden door all day flung wide.
Each day the shutting seemed to her an end,
An irrecoverable loss. Each day
She stood regretfully for a last look.
Again she held the door and would not shut . . .
And there across the park—she held her breath—
The subaltern came gaily cantering.*

*The little bridge across the brook he passed
Without a sound of hooves. The deer stood still.
And in a sleeper's walk she moved to look
Down from the terrace as he climbed the slope.
Half way, he waved his hand . . . and was no more,
Then in the cruel hush she breathed again,
Turned home to solitude, and from the floor
Snatched up the page she could no longer read.*

H. S. VERE HODGE.

DRAMA OFF CAPE HORN.

BY CAPPY RICKS.

TOWARDS the close of a short winter's day in June, 1895, the old clipper ship *Florence Stella*, bound around 'Cape Stiff' with an unkindly cargo of railway iron for a Central-American Pacific port, found herself in the latitude of that dread promontory's outstretched finger-tip and some 40 miles to the eastward of it. The ship had made a good run, through 'trades' and doldrums, passed down, and often sighted, Patagonia's long and variegated coastline, and well inside the Falklands. After she had passed through the Straits of Lemaire, cutting off Tierra del Fuego from the Dragon's Tail, she was beset by westerly gales and the tearing, roaring immensities of long-bearded Cape Horn seas. She had stood to the southward, well below 60 degrees south, until the pack ice was sighted, and the sun rose but a hand's breadth above the northern horizon on the few occasions when visibility, even at midday, was good enough to permit a sight of the sun.

The old clipper had not escaped damage. A smashed life-boat and burst-in-doors showed this, but sail had to be carried if the Horn were to be rounded at all. Heaving-to gets a ship just nowhere; it lengthens the taut-drawn agony. In these days no fire could be maintained in the gutted-out galley; the crew wore wet and sodden clothing. They suffered from outskin-chafed necks and wrists, and torn and bleeding finger-tips.

Their meals consisted of bone-hard biscuits and an occasional, very occasional, tin of stringy beef eked out by one

pannikin of courtesy-named tea or coffee made on the cabin stove. And yet the fight went on ; man's puny strength pitted against the inexorable forces of nature.

The scene was desolate. A barren, grey immensity of spindrift and flying nimbus resting almost within reach of the tearing combers showed no dividing line between sea and sky ; the ship, extended and head-reaching under double topsails and a reefed foresail and stay-sails, shrank from the onslaught of mile-long, white-crested, pyramidal seas, which rose eerily out of the void to windward to top the weather rail, and, filling the belly of the humming foresail, sweep on to fill the decks and pour over the topgallant rail to leeward. Valkyr winds of blast, salt-laden, sent the snapping, stinging spindrift as high as the mastheads, the trucks of which were performing erratic gyrations, making weird figures of eight against the dull, drab pall of the zenith.

It was not yet dark, but the brief winter day was fast closing in. Giving the order to light the sidelights and keep them handy, the captain, living mostly on the poop in these days and nights of stress, took his wife below from the chart-room for the early evening meal. He was Di Griffiths, a swarthy six-and-a-half-foot giant from Portmadoc making his first voyage in command, and he was anxious to 'make a passage.' He was a 'sail-carrier' by instinct and training, though now he was applying brake to himself and his ship. His bride of a few months was a poor sailor, and her comfort and health called for consideration even though it might conflict with his duty. This was thoroughly appreciated by his officers and crew, who had long been wondering, ever since the gales of the North Atlantic, what manner of 'driver' this man would be if relieved of restraint.

After a brief meal, Di wrapped his wife in his greatcoat and took her back to the poop. When he returned to his

station the weather was moderating. The barometer was low but steady ; the skirl of the gale had given place to a long, low organ note ebbing and sobbing over the still-breaking seas in a barbaric, but not malicious, rhythm ; a few more sustained squalls, he thought, and the gale would die away ready for a change in its direction, and permit the setting of more canvas with which to thresh the ship to westward.

Fortified by this thought, he joined his wife in the shelter of the weather cloth to windward, lashed to the shrouds. Finding her little hand in the darkness, he enveloped it in his own and spoke of his love, a story she had heard often before but one she never tired of. His great voice dropped wonderfully and became strangely sweet in the telling. In a few moments his arm went around her shoulders and her little head, reaching not to his armpit, nestled comfortably on his breast ; life had its tender moments even off the pitch of the Horn on a midwinter evening.

Unnoticed by them a bank of dense fog crept down on the ship ; the first mate had observed its approach but had deemed the moment inauspicious for dragging back into the stern world of reality and impending tragedy the happy pair in the weather rigging who were oblivious to everything but themselves and the sweet, profound secret that Di had been told by his wife.

And now, in a burst, came nerve-shattering reality, stark and threatening tragedy.

'Red light on the lee bow' came in an agonised hail from the fo'c'sle-head buried in the murk. Di was not the lover now, he was captain of his 'little kingdom and her glory' and he had lives to guard.

All thought of self was lost, the man of action sprang to meet grave emergency, but even as he gave the harsh order

'Up helm, call all hands,' the ships came together in a shriek of tearing, tortured steel, and a crash that brought down great stout masts weighing tons and writhing bands of tangled steel rigging.

Bows ground together, and shattered and rolled up plates from bulwarks and hull, and amid the shrieking inferno rose the cries of wounded and tortured seamen, the while each hull lifted and sank vicariously to the hurt of the other in the high-running sea.

It was a moment for ready and desperate action. Three of *Stella's* crew would never move again, but the remainder of the brave crew, bred in the hard Portmadoc schooner school on the Newfoundland trade, 'sprang to it' with courage and determination.

Both ships' jibbooms had carried away and now lay at ridiculous angles covered with an entangling raffle of wreckage overlying both bows and forward decks.

This was attacked by arms strong with desperation and hacked at and torn away clear, the while the crew of the attacking ship, a much larger vessel, worked as feverishly and indomitably. Both crews strove desperately, at times elbow to elbow, and again separated by a gulf of grey water, and chaos gave way to some semblance of relief and order. Bows fell apart at last and glided clear, and now the stems came together in a grinding crash that levelled poop-rails on board the smaller ship and threatened the fall of the remaining masts with their dead-weight of heavy cylindrical spars and rigging.

It was then the carpenter quietly made his way to his captain's side and said in a low voice and clipped sentences that the forward collision bulkhead was shattered and bulging inward to the tremendous pressure of almost open ocean, and that the seas were pouring in through the rent.

'She must founder in a few minutes,' he added, 'unless we can get all hands down to the bulkhead at once.' Di sprang to the quarter where the ships' sterns came together, and in a deep hail called to the ship in the darkness. 'How are you? Are you badly hurt?' A confident hail from an unseen speaker announced, 'No; we're all right except for the masts and boom. We're making no water'; and Di gave a quiet order to the chief officer at his elbow to 'take below to the forehold all the seamen and start tomming off the rent and straining bulkhead.' He then ran to the chartroom door, where his wife, quiet and shaken but unafraid, was standing waiting.

'Sweetheart,' he said, 'we will meet again, and I shall always love you; but now you must go in the other ship.'

She wanted to say 'No'; her place was at his side. But he did not give her the chance. He folded her in his great arms for a moment, kissed her, and then lifted her as if she were a feather-weight. He went to the shattered rail and watched for his chance, and as the ships came together in a last glancing attack, threw her on to the half-round of the other ship's poop, dimly discernible in the dense fog.

A blinding smother of blizzard swept the foreshortened scene at the moment and everything became obliterated on the instant, but Di, with relief, carried a vision of his wife clutching the poop-rail. The squall proved a long one, in which the ships finally drew clear and became lost to each other, but Di, with mind at ease, was free to take care of his kingdom and the lives in his charge.

Stationing some members of the crew at the pumps he went into the semi-darkness of the hold to tackle the task that was to decide their fate. The swirling inrush of water seemed implacable and beyond the power of puny man, but in its stemming, faint as was the prospect of achieving this,

lay their only hope of safety. The railway iron proved its worth as battering rams and 'toms' and the straining humans, stripped to the waist, slowly but surely forced back the steel bulkhead almost into position.

Setbacks there were throughout the long night, in which the travail of hours was set to nought in an instant, but each occasion was but a further call to endeavour, and of the lessons learnt every advantage was taken by men who would not yield. They worked on and on and by the dawn the immediate safety of the ship was assured. Certainly the pumps could not even for a moment go unmanned and this meant back- and heart-breaking, hand-searing toil to the men.

The forepeak was, of course, open to the ocean and the ship was in no case to meet even the shortest sea, but still there was hope for determined men ; if port could not be reached, then it might be possible to make some point on the long Patagonian coast, to find a sandy beach on which to beach the ship and so safeguard the lives of the crew, but this was to be the last expedient. Dawn found the battered ship still afloat, with decks still a tangle of broken, twisted spars and torn rigging, running with square yards and a rag of storm canvas to the north-east and the leak almost under control. Di himself prepared and served out hot coffee and grog to his tired but unbeaten crew, and then, with pumps going round with a strong, steady beat, the ship's minor wounds were dressed and the entwining tangle of wreckage cleared away.

'We cannot make the Falklands,' said Di to his men ; 'we will steer for Montevideo, and I know that I can rely upon you.'

He could, and then followed three long weeks of drawn and taut endeavour. The wind remained fair on the quarter,

but only small storm canvas could be carried, and even this more than once proved more than the torn and strained bulkhead could bear, while all the time, without a moment's cessation, day or night, the pumps went clank, clank, clank.

There were no such things as watches below; weary seamen with lacerated hands dropped out, as limits of endurance were reached and recognised, and slept as they fell near their posts until the ravages of outraged Nature were made good and the battle could begin again; only the bulkhead party, incessantly re-shoring and chintzing-up, were organised in regular spells of labour and rest, and theirs was the hardest task of all, in the gloom of the hold with the ever-present threat of sudden death should the pressure of the sea without defeat for a moment their puny efforts at salvage, an eventuality that threatened with every dip of the bows to a rising sea.

The three weeks came to an end, and with it a period to the endeavours of worn-out captain and crew.

'Straight in,' said Di to the pilot, and straightaway subsided on the poop skylight to sleep for seven, long, blissful hours.

'Wake up, wake up,' called the pilot, shaking the captain's great shoulder, 'we are there.'

The first sight to greet Di as he rose to his feet, staggering yet with exhaustion, was that of a heavy-looking, large, full-rigged ship at anchor. She had no bowsprit and was without foretopmast and main topgallant mast, while her fo'c'sle-head was half-sheared away.

'What ship is that? How long has she been here?' asked Di eagerly.

'Oh, that's the *Glenesslin*; she arrived this morning.'

'That's the ship I was in collision with off the Horn;

my wife is on board her ; steer to pass close alongside,' said Di.

The captain and officers of the *Glenesslin* on the poop of their ship watched the *Stella* approach. 'How is my wife?' called Di as soon as his voice could carry over the water, and as he noticed with a cold hand gripping his heart that captain and officers stood alone. Perhaps his wife was below, ill ; perhaps she had been taken ashore to hospital ; surely no other contingency could explain her absence.

'How is what?' came back over the water. 'My wife,' said Di. 'Isn't she on board? Where is she?' 'We don't know anything of your wife,' followed by, 'I am sorry to say. Did you expect to find her on board here?' Di didn't reply ; there was nothing to say, but he has not married since. He has lived his life in the love of a few short months, knowing that somehow, some day, somewhere, he will, as he said, meet again in halcyon calm the bride, and partner of his soul whom, by reason of his great and abiding love, he threw to her death in the raging Cape Horn seas.

A LICHFIELD GROUP.

BY MURIEL KENT.

I.

ONE evening in 1776, Dr. Johnson and Boswell, staying at Lichfield together, were invited to supper by Mr. Seward, the canon residentiary who lived in the bishop's palace; father of Anna—known both as 'the Lichfield Corinne' and 'the Swan of Lichfield'—and Sarah, who died on the eve of her marriage to Johnson's stepson. Boswell was impressed by his host's bearing and described him as 'a genteel, well-bred, dignified clergyman.' Mr. Seward had not only the advantage of episcopal surroundings, for he 'had travelled with Lord Charles Fitzroy . . . and he had lived much in the great world,' besides having some reputation as a scholar and writer.

'His lady,' Boswell goes on, 'was the daughter of Mr. Hunter, Johnson's first schoolmaster.¹ And now, for the first time, I had the pleasure of seeing his celebrated daughter, Miss Anna Seward.'

The Doctor, however, had long known Mr. Seward and held another opinion of him.

'Sir, his ambition is to be a fine talker; so he goes to Buxton and such places, where he may find companies to listen to him. And, Sir, he is a valetu-dinarian, one of those who are always mending themselves. . . .'

This was a kind of preoccupation which Johnson specially disliked, for he declared that it reduced a man to the level of

¹ Remembered by Dr. Johnson as 'very severe, and wrong-headedly severe' teacher.

a pig in a sty. As to the Swan, she neither amused nor soothed the Doctor, and they must always have been incompatible ; though Boswell (who evidently wished to see them on good terms) was once gratified to hear him approve of the poetess's lines on Lichfield, and records that on another occasion he actually praised, to her face, ' the description of the sea round the North Pole, in her Ode on the Death of Captain Cook.' It is one of the ironies of fame that Anna Seward should be chiefly remembered now through her adoration for Sir Walter Scott, which—inconvenient though its demands became—gained for her a place in his wide circle of friends, and through her strong antipathy to Dr. Johnson. He must have been a formidable opponent in his lifetime, and that he was aware of her antagonism is proved by a note written by Mrs. Piozzi referring to her visit to Lichfield, on the way to Wales in 1774 : ' Dr. Johnson would not suffer me to speak to Miss Seward.'

Perhaps when the Doctor was Mr. Seward's guest at the palace, there was a tacit truce between the two celebrities. Unfortunately, Boswell did not recount the table talk of that evening ; and it is tempting to disregard facts and to imagine the other figures in our group, Thomas Day and Richard Lovell Edgeworth, as present too. Then, like some modern biographers, we might go a step further and compose Johnsonian judgments on that remarkable pair—as he would have passed them afterwards to Boswell.

But Boswell's description of Mr. Dilly's party in London, two years later, is better than anything our flights of fancy could achieve ; for he not only gives a full report of the conversation, but shows us Dr. Johnson in one of his most rampant moods. Perhaps Miss Seward's presence may have had something to do with the fact that he kept Boswell on tenterhooks. Before dinner, Johnson seized on a new book,

Mr. Charles Sheridan's *Account of the late Revolution in Sweden*, and 'seemed to read it ravenously,' even wrapping it in the cloth while he sat at table. This, however, only caused Mrs. Knowles, 'the ingenious Quaker lady,' to remark on his mental activity and say admiringly: 'he tears out the heart of a book.'

Presently the talk turned to America, and on this subject Boswell admits that Dr. Johnson became a 'violent aggressor.' He declared, 'I am willing to love all mankind, *except an American*,' and went on to denounce the whole race, exclaiming that he would 'burn and destroy them.'

'Miss Seward, looking to him with mild but steady astonishment, said "Sir, this is an instance that we are always most violent against those whom we have injured."'

Whereupon, Johnson 'roared out another tremendous volley, which one might fancy could be heard across the Atlantic,' while poor Boswell listened in 'great uneasiness, lamenting his heat of temper, till, by degrees, I diverted his attention to other topics.'

Later in the evening, Johnson waxed over-vehement again in speaking of a young lady he knew well, who had lately become a Quaker. He swept aside all arguments in her defence brought forward by his fellow-guests, and asserted that she had acted in obstinate ignorance. Only 'an odious wench' would have changed her religion and left the Church of England in this way. And once more the ladies were shocked at his intolerance—perhaps at his epithets also.

Boswell's kinsman, John Steuart Erskine, once said of him, 'Boswell had genius, but wanted ballast to counteract his whim. He preferred being a Show man to keeping a Shop of his own.' That evening at Mr. Dilly's must have been

one of the times when his Show became quite out of control, and offended the audience instead of holding it in approving awe. Miss Seward's 'excessive sensibility' and her intellectual pretensions alike suffered when the 'Great Bear,' as Mrs. Barbauld called him, was in a growling mood. But her attacks were chiefly directed against Johnson as author and critic. Lady Ritchie's charming study of Miss Edgeworth and her times, published in *A Book of Sibyls*, gives many particulars of Anna Seward, and quotes a specimen from the portentous collection of her Letters which filled six volumes. The writer asks,

'Is the Fe-fa-fum of literature that snuffs afar the fame of his brother authors, and thirsts for its destruction, to be allowed to gallop unmolested over the fields of criticism? A few pebbles from the well-spring of truth and eloquence are all that is wanted to bring the might of his envy low.'

Miss Seward's indignation was specially roused by Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and she wrote to Hayley, in 1782, of the

'... cool malignity of its criticism. Yet the *Gentleman's Magazine* praised these unworthy efforts to blight the laurels of undoubted fame. O that the venom might fall where it ought!'

Boswell, after his hero's death, deplored Miss Seward's attempts 'to undermine the noble pedestal on which public opinion has placed Dr. Johnson'; but Croker is far more severe in his strictures, declaring that she 'latterly showed a great deal of malevolence towards Johnson,' and that 'she was obstinate and maintained a very wrong hostility.' It is but fair to see Anna Seward also as she appeared to her friends and admirers. Mr. Edgeworth, on his first visit to Lichfield, described her as 'in the height of youth and beauty, of an enthusiastic temper, a votary of the muses

and of the most eloquent and brilliant conversation.' Her portrait shows

'a dignified person, with an oval face and dark eyes; the thick brown tresses are twined with pearls, her graceful figure is robed in the softest furs and draperies of the period.'¹

Miss Seward was so secure in her position that she never found it necessary to apologise, like Mrs. Barbauld, for having 'stepped out of the bounds of female reserve in becoming an author'; nor to use her gifts anonymously, as Fanny Burney did when she copied out *Evelina* and offered it to a publisher in a disguised handwriting. Not only in the provincial pool of Lichfield, but in London literary circles, she was an acknowledged Swan; esteemed as a woman of intellect, a poetess, and—perhaps most of all—as the writer of letters which combined studied elegance with a conscious rectitude.

But who would read those voluminous letters for their own merits now? Even in the year of their publication (1811), they provoked that prodigious reader, Miss Mitford, as being 'affected, sentimental, and lackadaisical to the highest degree.' As we might expect on the evidence of that friendly, vivacious face in the National Portrait Gallery, Miss Mitford herself was a delightful correspondent. All the praise and popularity which her writings brought her never made her pose as a Literary Lady; nor did the adversities of her life obscure her natural humour. If a modern critic, bent on recapturing those sentiments which were in favour at the end of the eighteenth century, succeeds in reading even one volume of Anna Seward's Letters, he is unlikely to judge them more mercifully than Miss Mitford—who, kindly though she was, kept sharp weapons for all that

¹ *A Book of Sibyls*, Anne Thackeray Ritchie, 1883.

seemed to her artificial or meretricious. And he will understand Dr. Johnson's attitude towards the lady from his own 'city of philosophers.'

II.

Richard Lovell Edgeworth and Thomas Day were not the children of Lichfield as Johnson and Anna Seward were—the one by birth, and the other by residence from her early years. But both men, by their sojourn in the peaceful Cathedral town, left lasting impressions of remarkable personalities. Though Croker, referring to Miss Seward's reminiscences of Johnson, declared that 'all that lady's stories were worse than apocryphal,' yet we may accept as accurate—because uncoloured by prejudice—her portraiture of the diverse pair, who were lifelong friends. This is her description of R. L. Edgeworth as she first knew him :

'About the year 1765, came to Lichfield, . . . the young and gay philosopher, Mr. Edgeworth ; a man of fortune, and recently married to a Miss Elers of Oxfordshire . . . Scarcely two-and-twenty, with an exterior yet more juvenile, having mathematic science, mechanic ingenuity, and a competent portion of classical learning, with the possession of the modern languages. . . . He danced, he fenced, he winged his arrows with more than philosophic skill.'

It was the scientific fame of Dr. Darwin which first attracted Edgeworth to Lichfield. He was invited to stay at the Doctor's house, and was at once introduced to Miss Seward, though it appears that Dr. Darwin was another townsman with whom she sometimes quarrelled ; for 'the lady admires his genius, bitterly resents his sarcasms.' On this occasion, too, Edgeworth met Matthew Boulton, the partner of Watt, and was taken by him to study practical mechanics in the Birmingham manufactories. Already

Edgeworth's mind ran on inventions ; he had devised his first telegraphic scheme, and a sailing carriage which was 'light, steady, and ran with amazing velocity' ; though it proved too risky for the roads with their stage-coaches and horses.

Edgeworth's first marriage was a boy-and-girl affair ; it had taken place in Scotland as he was still under age, and his eldest son was born before he was twenty. Though the young husband made the best of his 'early and hasty' choice, and loyally acknowledged his wife's good qualities, she had not the disposition to make him happy—and she 'abhorred' Thomas Day, then a youth of eighteen, who became his chosen companion when the Edgeworths settled at Hare Hatch in 1765. No doubt they were drawn together, in the first place, as students of Rousseau's theories ; Edgeworth himself declared :

'A love of knowledge and a freedom from that admiration of splendour which dazzles and enslaves mankind, were the only points in which we agreed. Mr. Day was grave and of a melancholy temperament ; I was gay and full of constitutional joy ! Mr. Day was not a man of strong passions—I was. Mr. Day was suspicious of the female sex, and averse to risking his happiness for their charms or their society. To a contrary extreme I was fond of all the happiness which they can bestow.'¹

It has been said that 'willingly or unwillingly, at first hand or from imperfect echoes, every one who studies education must study Rousseau.' At that time, both young men were his ardent disciples, and Edgeworth resolved to bring up little Richard, then barely two years old, on Rousseau's system. The child was accordingly dressed in such simple fashion, and lived in such free conditions, as were 'novel

¹ *The Black Book of Edgeworthstown and other Edgeworth Memories.* Faber and Faber, London, 1927.

and extraordinary' in those days. The result was that he gained—to quote his father—'all the virtues of a child bred in the hut of a savage, and all the knowledge of things which could well be acquired by a boy bred in civilized society.' When he was seven or eight, he accompanied his father and Mr. Day to France; and while staying at Paris, they visited Rousseau, who took the little boy for a long walk, praising his education on their return, but adding that he had discovered 'a propensity to party prejudice,' for whenever they met a handsome horse or carriage the child had hailed it as English. From this Rousseau deduced that the younger Richard would be apt to admire only 'his own country, his own village, his own club,' and be so much influenced by his companions that they would decide his future. R. L. Edgeworth considered that this warning was justified by later events.

The very interesting records of the Edgeworth family, published some years ago, trace their history back to the latter part of the sixteenth century. They show Richard Lovell Edgeworth as the true descendant of his ancestors in his vigorous manhood and high spirits; and they present him as a more attractive character than his daughter's biographers have allowed. Usually he has been charged with overweening vanity and selfish domination, or held responsible for all that appeared stilted and didactic in Maria Edgeworth's writings. But Maria herself always defended him against both accusations; and Adam Buck's pastel of the Edgeworths (reproduced in *The Black Book*) expresses admirably the spirit of life at Edgeworthstown, with the 'large and adoring family' grouped about its head, who is eagerly pointing out something of interest to Maria, from a map or plan spread before him. Throughout his life Edgeworth remained all of one piece with the lively, talented

and empirical young man who disported himself at Lichfield on his first visit. Byron, meeting him in later years, called him 'a boisterous Bore,' but he proved a devoted husband and father, and a remarkably good landlord and administrator on his Irish estate.

In his series of matrimonial ventures he exceeded Coventry Patmore who, after his third marriage, was gravely told by his little son, 'Father, you are just half a Henry VIII.' But Edgeworth's maturer choice was so fortunate that each new stepmother was able to adapt herself to the maze of relationships, and add to the happiness of a family which grew by degrees to a patriarchal tribe. Even now, it is impossible to read without interest the account of his two courtships which had Lichfield for their scene, and were so strangely linked with Thomas Day's.

In spite of his general distrust of women, and his absorption in social and political affairs, Day cannot have been unsusceptible. It is difficult to realise that this serious, philanthropic man who afterwards anglicised and moralised Rousseau in *Sandford and Merton*, was only twenty-two when he went to live at Stow Hill, near Lichfield, in 1770. Edgeworth called him the 'most virtuous human being' he had ever known; but already he appeared eccentric, as Miss Seward explains:

'Powder and fine clothes were at that time the appendages of gentlemen; Mr. Day wore not either. He was tall and stooped in the shoulders, full made but not corpulent, and in his meditative and melancholy air a degree of awkwardness and dignity were blended.'

It was fitting that when Wright of Derby painted his full-length portrait, Day was shown 'meditating in a thunder-storm, leaning against a column inscribed with Hampden's name.'

Edgeworth joined his friend at Christmas, and they were often at the palace, where Honora Sneyd, a beautiful and lively girl, was living with the Swards. The impression she made on Edgeworth is best told in the words of his own *Memoirs* :

‘For the first time in my life, I saw a woman that equalled the picture of perfection which existed in my imagination. I had long suffered much from the want of that cheerfulness in a wife, without which marriage could not be agreeable to a man of such a temper as mine. I had borne this evil, I believe, with patience ; but my not being happy at home exposed me to the danger of being too happy elsewhere. Mr. Day alone was blind to the superiority of her character. She danced too well ; she had too much an air of fashion in her dress and manners ; and her arms were not sufficiently round and white to please him.’

But presently Mr. Day, too, came under Honora’s spell, and everything pointed to their engagement and marriage, until he made her a written proposal which contained a full statement of his plan of life—one of ‘calm seclusion’ from the world. Her letter in reply gave ‘an excellent answer to his arguments and a clear dispassionate view of the rights of women,’ finishing with her resolution not to change her lot ‘for any dark and untried system that could be proposed to her.’ Mr. Day was thrown into a fever by his disappointment, and Dr. Darwin’s skill was needed for body and mind. Fortunately, Honora’s younger sister appeared on the scene soon after, and Elizabeth Sneyd was not only as lovely as Honora, but showed herself more responsive ; for Mr. Day seemed to her inexperience ‘the most extraordinary and romantic person in the world.’

Elizabeth, however, was not indifferent to externals, and insisted that, before she could accept Mr. Day, he must gain ‘some of those polite accomplishments which he so

much despised.' It was this stipulation which led to the visit to France already mentioned. Edgeworth's admiration for Honora had become warmer since she broke off relations with his friend ; he and Day were completely in each other's confidence, even in these delicate affairs, and the younger man's repeated exhortations on the subject of 'virtue and honour' moved Edgeworth to leave Lichfield immediately. They travelled together and settled at Lyons, where Mr. Day, in fulfilment of his promise to Elizabeth Sneyd, devoted seven or eight hours daily to the improvement of his figure, and the athletic exercises which he detested. Meanwhile, Edgeworth employed himself in learning French, and in the congenial task of helping Perrache in a scheme for extending the area of Lyons by diverting the Rhone's course. Before the whole of his engineering devices could be carried out, Mr. Day, 'having learnt all that it was possible for riding, fencing, and dancing masters to teach him,' set out for England to claim the reward of those distasteful efforts. In March, 1773, Edgeworth followed him, on hearing that his wife had died a few days after the birth of their fourth child.

Mr. Day, rejoicing that he could now further his friend's attachment, hastened to meet him and tell him of Honora's well-being, and that she was still free, though much sought after. Edgeworth pressed on to Lichfield, 'found Honora more enchanting than ever' and, after a few months' interval, they were married in the Cathedral. Once more Thomas Day had the grief and mortification of being rejected, for Elizabeth Sneyd decided that his acquired graces were more ridiculous than pleasing, and that she could not feel for him the kind of affection which would ensure a happy marriage. Three years later, having recovered from this blow, he was once more in search of the ideal wife. A friend found for him a certain wise lady, with the 'white and large

arms' and 'long petticoats' which he desired, and whose only serious drawback—that of having a large fortune—Day overcame by having the whole settled on her. She accepted him and his foibles wholeheartedly; and after their marriage he continued to work out his agricultural theories and benevolent schemes in the country, until his sudden death in 1789.

Elizabeth Sneyd was destined to become the third Mrs. Edgeworth, for after seven years of great happiness, the lovely Honora died—first urging Edgeworth to marry again, and recommending her younger sister to him. He moved to Lichfield after her death, and there found consolation in Elizabeth's presence. Before long, Honora's wish became their own; in spite of private and public opposition, they were married in London on Christmas Day, 1780, with Mr. Day as one of their two witnesses.

Thomas Day, 'an English disciple of Rousseau,' was chosen some years ago for the subject of Sir Michael Sadler's Rede Lecture—a fitting tribute to the man who, like his own *Mr. Barlow*, was 'the common friend of all his species,' and concerned, above all, with the cause of education. He loved both England and the freedom of mankind not less ardently than Cobbett; and, different though their mediums of expression are, it is easy to find the same impulse in Cobbett's invective against pomp and idleness, and the irony which, in *Sandford and Merton*, was brought to bear on 'smuggled foreign graces,' and the fashionable belief that 'the first qualification of a gentleman is never to do anything useful.'

Perhaps Thomas Day, with his unworldly standards, his sturdy idealism and integrity, lacked only the gift of personal magnetism to become a leader of social reform in his own country and generation—not merely an eighteenth-century Don Quixote of the nursery and schoolroom.

THE UNSEEN LARK.

*I hear, as in a reverie
Of happiness, the minutes fly,
The unseen lark, like poetry
Aloft, and singing in the sky.*

*I see the hills, in splendour clad,
That dance, and clap their hands in glee :
I greet the dream, that once I had,
That men were just, and could be free !*

*That dream was slain, in yonder wood,
Where ancient wrong is newly-born :
Huge phantoms rise,—a hellish brood
Of lies, and waste, and fear, and scorn.*

*The cloud that once, in Noah's reign,
Drowned the four corners of the land,
Is black with imminence again—
God's rainbow quivers in his hand.*

*And yet, while in a reverie
Of happiness, the hours go by,
I hear the lark, like poetry
Aloft, and singing in the sky.*

PHILIP MAGNUS.

Great North Road : Easter, 1938.

THE LESSER JUNGLE-FOLK.

BY LT.-COL. C. H. STOCKLEY.

LYING on my bed one afternoon, trying to master the latest Olympian effusion on the economy which so seldom seems to begin on Mount Olympus, my thoughts wandered to the multitude of birds and small mammals which impinge, to a greater or less degree, on one's life when camping, or just trying to exist, in India.

It was the ravens which started the train of thought. The dreary frontier station was infested with these birds, which, presuming on some slight services rendered to the cantonment sweepers, did their best to drive to frenzy the unfortunate inhabitants of the Government bungalows.

These bungalows were square, with a bachelor quarter at each corner, the main rooms in the centre and the bathrooms, etc., ranged round outside. As the bathroom roofs were about four feet lower than the main roof covering the bigger rooms, these latter had four little clerestory windows, opening outward, to each of them. The frames opened horizontally and were protected with wooden shades and wire gauze to keep out the flies.

These horrible birds took all these factors into consideration when amusing themselves at the expense of the inmates. First they had their all-the-year-round games, played at any time of the day, when it was not too hot in summer or too cold in winter. The best of them was played with a bone; preferably the nobbly end of a large leg-bone, but any bone would serve, and a stone was used if a suitable bone could not be found.

Having acquired the right kind of toy, the bird would take it up on to the chimney and drop it. It would rattle down the galvanised iron roof, bound with a crash on to the lower roof, rattle down that again, and then fall to the ground. It was then retrieved and taken to the highest point to be dropped again. If four or five efforts did not produce a satisfactory result in the shape of a maddened officer bursting out, just in time to see a large black bird slip away on the blind side of the bungalow, a variant was introduced.

The raven decided that its efforts were being frustrated owing to the intended victim being in his dressing-room, while the rattle was mostly over the box-room. So the bone was taken to the edge of the upper roof, dropped on the roof of the dressing-room and, as it rattled slowly down, the raven flopped on to the lower roof and slid down it with a dreadful scraping noise, just in time to retrieve the bone before it reached the edge; the foul bird then hopped loudly up the slope, said 'Glonk ! Glonk !' in a raucous penetrating voice through the clerestory window, and did it all over again. A few repetitions of this would make a corvidical maniac of an earnest officer trying to work for the Staff College, or one who had been on the range since dawn and was attempting to pass the hottest hours of a punkah-less day in a little well-earned slumber. He would rush out to throw stones at the miscreant, who heard him coming and took flight with a derisive 'Kwark ! Kwark !' long before the would-be avenger could lay hands on a missile.

The above games were very popular in the early hours of a Sunday morning, and were quite convincing evidence that the raven is an emissary of the devil.

One afternoon I discovered a further devilry. It was

very hot and, trying to sleep, I became aware of scrapings and scufflings on the roof below the north clerestory windows, which indicated that more than one raven was sheltering there in the shade. The windows were open and, looking up from my bed, I could see the reflections of two ravens in the underside of the glass. They were moderately quiet and I could not be bothered to go out and chase them away, until I was roused by a repeated metallic twang and scraping noise.

Watching the reflections I saw that both ravens were amusing their idle hour by driving their bills up to the hilt through the wire gauze, in order that another pest, the flies, might be enabled to enter four abreast without difficulty. I slipped out through the bathroom door and dispersed four of the loathly birds, who went and sat on the mud wall of the compound uttering mocking 'Kwarks' until I fetched a gun, when they cleared off.

Further wooing of sleep was futile, and I pondered on the number of pests which have to be endured in India, particularly when camping in the jungle, and the awful amount of bad language for which they are responsible. Even one Hot-weather Bird is sufficient to give the Recording Angel writer's cramp when it turns up at 4 a.m. and, from a tree just above one's bed, screams up the scale in reiterated attempts to reach A in alt; its voice breaking on a high note every time: on a day when, after a long spell of early rising, the sportsman is trying to make up arrears of lost sleep.

Among pests I do not include snakes. They are not pests, they are a Terror.

Flies and mosquitoes are so universal that they may be regarded as a matter of course; all except that solitary one which gets inside the mosquito curtain and trumpets thinly

in one's ear just as one is on the point of dropping off to sleep ; or settles persistently on the tip of one's nose in the first light of dawn. Perhaps the Recording Angel takes on to his staff the souls of the failed B.A.'s, when overworked in the hot weather. It would be grand compensation for them for jobs refused, or held under irritable Sahibs at that rather wearing season of the year.

But to return to the corvine tribe. The raven himself is not often encountered when encamping, though the Tibetan variety will follow a caravan from camp to camp on that windy plateau ; but his lesser brethren, the House Crow and the Jungle Crow, are common. The House Crow, one of whose tribe welcomed me to India by stealing the toast of my first *chota hazri* from beside my bed, only accompanies us to the edge of the forest, but the Jungle Crow is with us from there to the edge of the snows. Perhaps we are a bit hard on the Jungle Crow, the villainies of the House Crow reflecting on him ; for though he is a pilferer, and his raucous cawing is an offence to the quiet of the forest, he is neither so bold nor so cunning as the House Crow, and may even be made use of to do a job of work in the shape of cleaning skulls of the little pieces of flesh remaining in odd corners, while two or three of them will often spend several useful hours picking unwanted tissues off a pegged-out skin.

It is extraordinary how Jungle Crows will turn up from nowhere when there is the least chance of something to eat. You may sit down to lunch in the forest without a sign of one anywhere and, almost before the sandwiches are out of the *havre-sac*, a glossy black crow alights on a nearby tree with a loud caw. He is not so near that he is in any danger, and he inspects you carefully and warily at first, but soon decides on your harmlessness, and will usually come nearer and nearer until he is on a low branch over your head, or

even on the ground in front of you. A crust from a sandwich is seized on and devoured, and he hops closer asking for more, while, in a minute or two, one or more of his friends will turn up to compete decorously for fragments; wiping their bills and cocking bright beady eyes at you until lunch is over. Three of them once arrived on top of a ridge at about 10,000 feet among the pines, and I tossed them bits of cheese rind into the snow on the shady side. The cheese was much appreciated, but was evidently found to be thirsty stuff, for after each mouthful a dollop of snow was gulped down and wings stretched, until it was evident that the morsel had reached the right spot and the bird was ready for more contributions.

The worst pests in camp, by far, are pariah dogs. In cantonments they can be fairly offensive, but are comparatively scarce, owing to the activities of the dog-shooter at eight annas a tail, and are mainly confined to the bazaar; so that their howling is too distant to affect slumber, while their thieving is reduced to a very occasional raid on the servants' quarters. But in camp, if there be a village within a mile, the brutes are perpetually in evidence and there is little defence against their bold pilfering, except by constant and wearing vigilance, with the final argument of the gun. The latter is usually both repugnant and undesirable, as the villagers may resent the reduction of their sanitary squad and one's popularity suffers, with a consequent dearth of local assistance and supplies.

Still one can be driven too far, when, night after night, the mangy beasts come singly or in companies, to stay till dawn; emitting that maddening series of hysterical crescendo yelps, utterly different to the bark of any civilised canine, which banishes all hope of sleep.

As a thief the pariah is daring and persistent beyond belief.

I have left my tent for three minutes and returned to find a pi tearing at the pocket of the inner fly, trying to get at the lower jaw of a blackbuck intended for use in mounting with the head. I have had the skull of a barking deer snatched from my table by a tip-and-run raid, and an entire Sind Ibex skin removed from the verandah of a dak bungalow while I was inside within three yards of the open door, and unaware that there was a pi-dog within ten miles. Most of the raids are directed on the kitchen tent, but there are usually two or three men watching there and it is harder to evade notice ; but any small article left on the ground near the fly will be pulled out. I have had a large leather-covered basket (called a *kilta* in Kashmir) taken fifty yards into a clump of bushes and, in spite of close pursuit, the leather had a fifteen-inch rent and the wickerwork was broken, when it was recovered within three or four minutes.

Once retribution overtook the thief. My bearer had left a quarter-full tin of butter outside the kitchen tent, while he rummaged in a box inside for raisins for cake-making. When he emerged a pariah was thirty yards away extracting the butter from the tin, jaws thrust well down into it. There were other and bigger dogs about which might deprive him of his booty, so it had to be disposed of quickly. The bearer attacked swiftly with a handful of stones, and the pi fled with the tin over his muzzle, both jaws fixed firmly inside it, emitting muffled sounds indicating discomfort.

Hearing the row my terrier dashed out and assaulted from the rear, chasing the pi off the camping ground, until other pi's, attracted by the uproar and seeing one of their fraternity apparently in possession of some great prize, joined in to try and wrest it from him. Result a wretched mongrel, unable to defend himself, rolled over and bitten

every few yards while trying to escape, until the riot disappeared from view and hearing in the scrub jungle leading to the village.

From the pariah it is an easy transition to that handsome scourge of the jungle, the Indian Wild Dog. In spite of this red pest's appalling destructiveness and the manner in which they will entirely ruin one's sport by driving away all game, it is impossible not to admire them. Their looks and courage are both of the highest quality; their hunting parties give way to none of the jungle-folk but the elephant and wild boar; not even to My Lord the Tiger. Their relentless pertinacity and clever teamwork make almost certain the fate of any animal they may elect to pursue, even their fellow scourge the leopard, and I have even had a barking deer pulled down in the middle of a beat by a pack of a dozen in the Central Provinces.

But the red dog seldom directly interferes with man, while elephants do, and, where they exist, I am inclined to rate them as the most aggravating creatures to be met with.

Bison and tsine are fond of attaching themselves to elephant herds, to browse on the tender leaves of the branches pulled down by the monsters and overlooked by them. Perhaps a bison is being followed up and you are getting close, when suddenly there appears an enormous pair of dark grey trousers hanging from the lower branches of a shady tree. Amazed by this phenomenon you halt, then realise that a few yards away is the hinder end of a drowsy elephant. If it remains drowsy you slip back and, after a careful reconnaissance which reveals the basements of other elephants here and there, try to circle round to leeward of the herd, hoping to pick up the bison's track on the far side. The coast seems clear when, on slipping round a bush, you run into a wretched little elephant calf which rushes to mamma, who has all the

time been standing about twenty-five yards away. The next moment you are flattened against a tree, pretending to be a bit of moss, while a hysterical female pachyderm charges up to within a few feet and stands there, for what seems to be several hours before lumbering off, making little feminine noises undoubtedly meant to express what she would do to you if she caught you ; the wretched little cause of all the trouble trotting along under the shelter of the overhang of mother's bulk.

In the meantime your native assistants have vanished and are recovered with difficulty, the bison's tracks have been hopelessly messed up by the departing herd, and you go back to camp feeling the urgent need of a strong drink.

One or two experiences of this kind, knowing that if you have to shoot in self-defence the Forest Department will, on principle, disbelieve your story and try to fine you heavily, will embitter one towards the whole tribe of elephant, wild or as pets : while even having to give up tracking a long-sought bull bison or tsine because elephants have pulled down an acre or more of bamboo like giant spillikins all over the trail, rendering further progress impossible, does not endear them to you.

Monkeys are great spoil-sports, and langurs perhaps the worst of them. They are not content to clear off quietly, and the way they hang about and whoop and swear and crash among the branches, all within easy range, shows that they are in no danger, but only behave like that through cussedness. The little macaques are nearly as bad, though not so noisy, and will actually follow one in the treetops above.

I had one most promising stalk spoilt by these little beasts. I was after a couple of tsine bulls, one of them a grey bull with a grand head, and the other a dark bay, also with horns

above the average. I had tracked them for two days, having one glimpse of them on the first day ; then followed them for over twenty miles on the second, as they changed feeding grounds. On the third day I had puzzled out their trail from their early morning feed in small forest, through the dense cover of a plantation of young teak ; across a bamboo-filled bottom, and up a ridge on whose flat top a sambar stag was wallowing in a rain-filled hollow.

My bulls had also indulged in a bath, and clots of mud and drippings led down the further slope, the larger clots still only half-dried on that sultry July day ; so that they could not be far ahead. At the foot of the descent the ground sloped gently up from the further bank of a shallow ravine in little ridges and gullies covered with mixed forest but little undergrowth, to unite two hundred yards higher up in larger ridges, which merged into the hillside where a big shelf bulged out. Somewhere below this shelf, or possibly on the very edge of it (for no tsine bull would lie down so that an enemy could approach from below under cover), it was most probable that those two bulls were resting, looking back on their tracks. The hoof-marks were plain in the soft black earth below, and I could keep under cover while examining the ground ahead with field-glasses before showing myself on top of the next rise, and could trace their tracks nearly a hundred yards away, where they showed like a dark line on the reddish soil of the hillside facing me.

The first trouble was a Silver Pheasant. He was standing flaunting himself on a flat piece of ground just the other side of a small rise, and not ten yards from me. He seemed to be alone, and showing off for his own delectation : practising for a party perhaps. Fortunately I caught sight of his long white tail before he saw me, and retired hastily,

knowing that if I came on him at such close quarters he would rise with enough clatter and fuss to warn every tsine in the jungle for half a mile around. So I went back, showed myself about forty yards away, and the handsome bird ran off swiftly and quietly into the undergrowth.

On again, and some hundred yards in front there came in sight a patch of hillside, near the crest of a ridge and just below the big shelf, which was criss-crossed with several dark lines—the tracks of the two bulls. Now tsine, once they have finished feeding, usually make straight for the ground where they mean to lie up for the day, and it is only when they are picking the exact resting-place that they meander round a little before making a final choice. My bulls were very close.

I made the two Burmans sit down in a little hollow and crawled up to a point from which I could examine the crest of the further ridge. A slight movement in the deep shade of a bamboo clump. Again: the glasses show the head of the bay bull behind some young growth, and the movement is the flicking of an ear. The rest of the bull is hidden below the crest of the ridge.

More searching reveals the stern of the grey bull just showing beyond the base of a big tree, fifteen yards below the other. Now, if I crawl another fifty yards up my little ridge, I ought to get a clear shot into the broad back of the big grey fellow.

Just then a twig hits me in the back of the neck, abruptly interrupting my planning. I look up into a little wizened face peering at me from the boughs of a tree thirty feet above me. As the horrid little monkey catches my eye he opens his mouth wide and scolds me, saying 'Aah! Aah!' Two or three more join him, and, peeping over the shoulders of the first, scold and throw down more twigs. I look

forward towards the tsine. Both bulls are on their feet, only their heads showing above the top of the ridge. What a wonderful pair of horns the grey bull has got ! More sticks and swearwords from above. The grey bull disappears, moving upwards, and a few seconds later his head appears over a mound from which he has outflanked my cover and can see me lying in full view. His head swings round and disappears ; there is a series of diminuendo crashes, and I have seen the last of those two bulls. I rise, fling some ineffective stones and curses at the gibbering little beasts above, receive in return sticks, unripe mangos and more scoldings, then turn back for camp. Sport is over for the day.

The only silver lining to the monkey cloud is the amusement which they occasionally, and unintentionally, provide. One October my camp in Kashmir happened to be in the line of march of a large troop of macaques, which were moving down to their winter quarters in the Himalayan foothills. They halted all round my camp, inquisitive but rather nervous ; bouncing from pine tree to ground and back again, then sitting about chattering, ever getting a little nearer. I retired into my tent and sat down to write a letter. Suddenly there was a scuffle in the bathroom and I dashed round just in time to see a big male monkey scampering up the hillside with my cake of soap in his hand. Having reached a safe distance he turned round, halted on all fours and, having pushed the cake of soap into his cheek-pouch, gibbered at me. It was obviously no use trying to recover the soap, so I sat down on a fallen log expecting to be entertained, and was not disappointed.

The monkey, the biggest male of the band, seeing me apparently resigned to my loss, also seated himself facing me. He took out the cake of soap, then, slightly dissatisfied,

worked an exploring finger round the inside of his mouth to remove any unpleasant flavour remaining. However, he was not discouraged and, evidently drawn on by the admiring attention of several others which had gathered round to see what he had got, holding the soap in both hands, he first smelt it all over, then took a large bite out of it and began to chew.

The soap was of a brand which guarantees a rich creamy lather, and it came up to scratch magnificently. He had only just decided that he did not like the taste, when a line of white began to show between his lips, and doubt and dissatisfaction clouded the wrinkled face of the thief. He put a hooked finger in his mouth and withdrew it with a blob of foam on the end. He threw away the remains of the soap and worked both hands vigorously extracting lather and flinging it on the ground, spat and swore at me, while his brethren, evidently alarmed at his appearance, drew back scolding.

Finally the whole band fled and left him, disappearing into the pine forest, chattering hard, while he loped behind, still spitting and extracting lather with either hand. That soap was undoubtedly of excellent quality.

On another occasion the laugh was definitely on the side of the monkey. It was in Rajputana, where monkeys are sacred, and riding out one morning through a village with Peter, my terrier, we came on a monkey sitting in the middle of the village street, listlessly scratching itself. Peter halted with uplifted paw. He was accustomed to see monkeys flee up trees and on to rooftops at our approach, and was much intrigued by a monkey which took no notice of us. He advanced gingerly, head outstretched, nostrils working, until within a couple of feet of the apparently uninterested simian. Suddenly the monkey leant forward, a long arm

shot out and caught Peter a terrific box on the ear and, a second later, the monkey was on a roof chattering derision at Peter leaping about below and literally screaming with rage.

Monkeys are deliberate malefactors, but in constant accidental upsetting of one's plans the pheasant tribe are easily top. Among the pheasants I include the Red and Grey Junglefowl, and various species of these gallinaceous birds (which merely means relations of the Common or Barndoor Fowl) are everywhere, from the dense forests of Lower Burma to the barren mountains of the Karakoram.

High on a snow-streaked ridge a Snow Cock will sit, and from there spy the hunter stalking a herd of ibex. The bird is in no danger, but will begin to whistle fretfully. The hunter looks up and sees the round dark spot on a rock against the skyline, mutters 'Damn that bird !' and subsides behind cover to wait, hoping that the senseless fowl will go away quietly. Not a bit. The piping lessens to a faint one-a-minute rate and ceases ; but the moment the hunter moves on it starts again, loud and peevish, until the bird finally flies downhill, often within a few yards of the man, uttering a series of loud wailing whistles. Of course the ibex have heard the clamour and, even if they do not actually move off, direct unremitting vigilance on the locality and are almost impossible to approach.

Other pheasants usually wait until the last minute to spring up under one's feet, dispersing with the maximum of clatter and vocal effort, which makes the perspiring hunter think that the glorious shining blue of a cock monal, set off by an orange and white tail, ought really to be the black and scarlet livery of Satan.

Junglefowl do the same thing, except that they are usually content with the noise of their uprising and do not bother

to crow or cluck, but it is sufficient to warn every other inhabitant of the jungle for a quarter of a mile round. Why the fool birds, which must have seen or heard the intruder long before, cannot run off quietly instead of squatting until he almost treads on them, is an unsolved problem.

Another spoil-sport, which has not even the gallinaceous virtue of being good to eat, is the Brahminy Duck of the sportsman in India, whose 'trivial name,' in the language of the scientist, is the 'Ruddy Sheldrake': most of us who have shot duck in India lay emphasis on the adjective.

These maddening fowl sit out on some unapproachable spot commanding a wide view, such as the end of a sandspit, and constitute themselves the guardians of every bird within hearing. Their eyesight is acute in the extreme and, as they catch sight of a toiling sportsman, they begin their harsh and dreary call, from which the Indian has given them the name of *Chakwa*. The legend is that they are tenanted by the souls of two lovers, who were caught when eloping, and slain on either side of a river by the pursuers. Now they call across the river to each other, 'Chakwa!'—'Chakwi!' The indignant sportsman, who has spent a morning seeing chance after chance at duck or geese spoilt by these interfering birds, usually utters a pious hope that they may be thoroughly unhappy throughout their reincarnation.

Of course the outstanding blister on a sportsman's temper, whether bird or beast, is the Kiang, or Tibetan Wild Ass. Those who have met him while in pursuit of ovis ammon or bharal deplete their vocabularies of every abusive adjective in trying to describe the antics of the brute. The first seen of them is usually an ugly brown coffin head, on a light brown neck topped by an untidy black mane, gazing over a small rise some two or three hundred yards away. You are probably trying to evade the sharp eyes of some herd

which contains the ram you have been searching for for some days, and which you have marched three hundred miles to hunt.

Showing keen interest in your movements, the Kiang will come forward on top of the rise and stand gazing for a minute or two. A whisk of the stringy black tail, and he will trot fifty yards to a flank to have a look from a different angle. This does not satisfy him, and he will suddenly fling his heels in the air and gallop back a hundred yards, then halt for another look. By this time the attention of the beasts being stalked has been aroused, and you are cowering behind a rock, or in a little gutter, pretending to be a part of the landscape.

The Kiang departs out of sight behind his ridge, the objects of the stalk begin to feed again, and you carry on, thinking that your tormentor has gone for good. Oh dear no ! He has a generous nature and has merely gone to fetch some of his pals to share his fun.

There is a clatter behind, and you look back to see five Kiang move up in line on to that ridge ; halt, dress by the right, and stand to gaze. You sit quiet for a bit, and, as they do nothing, you move on again. The Kiang turn into file and walk parallel to you, halting to turn and stare whenever you halt. Their drill is perfect and occasionally they vary things, when you stop too long, by a trot round in follow-my-leader fashion, returning to the same spot for another stare.

Of course it is inevitable that the herd you are after realises that there is something wrong, and moves off at a steady pace which takes them two miles away and over the next big ridge in the next quarter of an hour, and you sit up to swear at the Kiang.

This is the signal for the parade to dismiss. One play-

fully kicks his neighbour in the ribs, while another tries to bite a friend's ear, and the whole party gallop off raising a cloud of dust, bristly black manes erect, tails streaming, expressing at every stride what a delightful morning they have spent.

But perhaps the spoil-sleep is as bad as the spoil-sport. Flies and mosquitoes can be defeated by the use of nets, but noises cannot be kept out. In the hottest hours of the day, when game animals lie down to rest and the hunter seeks compensation for loss of sleep consequent on having to rise in the small hours, the monotonous 'Kok-kok-kok . . .' of the Coppersmith becomes maddening in its eternal reiteration. This wretched little bird, which is a stumpy green barbet with a yellow and red face and throat, is reputed to live on fruit, particularly wild figs. If this is so, then its ration must be a fig a day and no more; for it does not feed at night, and cannot possibly have time to eat more, judging by the continuity of its vocal efforts. One of these birds is said to have brought off a run of nearly five hundred continuous 'Kok's,' and another put in over seven hundred with only two beats' rest at half-time. These were counted by patients in hospital, who had nothing else to do and were not sleepy: yet it is strange that they remained sane. Perhaps they did not.

The Coppersmith's larger cousin, the Blue-throated Barbet, repeats his 'Kooturruk' rapidly at intervals, while the Green Barbet is evidently short of carbo-hydrates, for it maintains a clamour for 'Beurre-re-re, butter, butter, butter,' and the Great Himalayan Barbet makes noises like a kitten heard through a loud-speaker. Altogether they are a very noisy family.

But all these can be overcome by the really determined sleeper, while the strong-minded even turn them into a

lullaby, substituting the counting of 'Kok's' for that of sheep going through a gate, in order to induce sleep; whereas that yelling fiend the Koel is always successful in ruining slumber.

The early morning is the favourite time for the koel's efforts, though he does not restrict himself to any time of the day. A series of ear-piercing shrieks, accompanied by the cawing of a dozen furious crows, heralds and follows the flight of a red-eyed black bird, about the size of a dove, as it twists and turns through the trees pursued by its corvine enemies. The koel is the only bird, or living creature for that matter, which consistently scores off that cunning impudent thief and bully, the Indian House Crow. For the red-eyed fugitive is the cock koel, and, while the crows are busy hunting him, his mate, which is sober brown, spotted and barred with white, and much like our English cuckoo, slips into a crow's nest, turns out an egg, and lays one of her own in place of it; which the deluded foster parents later rear, with an expenditure of labour and brainwork which would inevitably cause their deaths from remorse if they were to discover the fraud. Possibly the crow expends so much grey matter in obtaining food by foul and villainous means, that in its domestic life it gives its brain a complete rest to recuperate; otherwise it is incredible that so brainy a bird should have no doubts as to the authenticity of the substitutes.

To the koel's brother, the Hot-weather Bird, I have already referred. I could say much more about him.

If sleep come reluctantly at night in the beginning of the hot weather, there is always the Indian Nightjar to help keep it away. Sometimes he says 'Chock!' usually 'Chock! Chock!' and sometimes repeats 'Chock' up to thirty times or more. His spasms vary, and once the

would-be sleeper starts listening to them it is fatal to all hope of slumber; for the tension becomes unbearable, wondering whether there is going to be one 'Chock!' or a score.

In Burma the Tuk-too, an ugly stumpy-tailed lizard, replaces the nightjar, if anything for the worse. The largest number of 'Tuk-too's' I have heard the reptile utter is eleven, but three to five is more usual, while the Burmans say it is lucky to hear it call seven times. It begins by clearing its throat, as if it were winding itself up; then, having let off one or more 'Tuk-too's,' it will end with a long sighing 'ooh.' Quite often it will clear its throat and produce no further sound, at other times it will emit a 'Tuk' and no 'too.' Frequently it will fail to complete the third or fourth 'Tuk-too!' and leave the audience waiting in suspense for the 'too.' Once a sleeper gets interested in listening to the reptile all hope of further sleep is gone. The long-drawn suspense waiting for the next call, the throat-clearing, then counting the 'Tuk-too's,' and the irritation engendered by being left in the air with an unfinished 'Tuk-', creates a thirst for blood which may drive the human to seeking for the performer with a gun. A hopeless enterprise. It may be in a hollow tree, in the roof, behind an open window, or clinging to the underside of a palm leaf; the sound is almost impossible to locate exactly.

All the pests dealt with so far are gratuitously aggravating, but the wild bees, which are most feared of all, have usually to be annoyed before they attack. But run into a nest in the jungle, when on the back of an elephant, or light a camp fire under a tree containing one, and you will be very sorry. The wise carry blankets in the howdah under which to retire in case of such misfortune, and they carefully inspect the upper branches of the trees under which they camp.

Only once have I seen the bees make an unprovoked assault. It was in the Dun, and an old villager was gathering sticks a hundred yards away under some lofty trees, in the tops of which were a few bees' nests. Suddenly he threw himself on the ground, clapping his hands to his head, and remained absolutely still for several minutes. He then rose and came over to show me his naked back, from which I extracted a dozen stings, then rubbed in ammonia to ease the pain. If he had not kept so still the consequences would have been serious: but what caused the bees to take such sudden offence is a mystery. Recently I was camped in the Central Provinces under some trees by the side of a wide and sandy river-bed. There had been a steady breeze for the two days we had been there, but at sunset on the third day it suddenly fell. In five minutes every soul in camp was fleeing from it. The smoke from the kitchen fire had gone straight up into the huge pekul above, and disturbed two small bees' nests, hitherto unperceived. Fortunately it was soon dark, and the bees allowed us to go back, to shift camp as soon as possible.

But who takes these minor pests so seriously as to weigh them against the compensations of jungle life, and the many friendly birds and animals which come to see and entertain us when in camp.

What pleasanter sound is there than the mellow fluting of the Golden Oriole, what colouring more lovely than that of the butterflies which float along the forest fire-line or crowd the margin of a forest pool. Has any tame animal the grace of a gibbon swinging thirty feet at a leap from bough to bough; of a blackbuck jumping high above six-foot millet; or of the long slanting vol-plane of a flying squirrel from the walnut tree it has been plundering, to end in a short upward glide which lands it, with a soft thud, on

the trunk of another. Even the little squirrels, which run about the camp in the plains, or the Did-he-do-it pacing beside the daily diminishing stream are familiar friends which welcome us back every year.

Can anything in civilisation beat one of nature's dramas which I once witnessed in Kashmir. A Fishing Eagle stooped from a great plane tree above me on to a snow trout in the shallows, sending the water flying. Then stood amidst the sunlit ripples, one foot holding down his struggling prey, the other gripping the gravelly bottom ; plumage sparkling with drops of water, hackles up, screaming his triumph to his mate above.

Nyeri, Kenya.

MODERN MIDDLE AGES.

BY GAMEL WOOLSEY.

IF you could visit the Middle Ages—if you could, safely, easily, sitting in Mr. H. G. Wells' Time Machine travel back with the speed of light and find yourself walking in a medieval city among its strange, brightly coloured crowds, would you do it? If it cost, say, thirty pounds, would you pay? Most of us would, I think, even though it might mean getting ourselves involved in disconcerting medieval adventures as happened to the children in E. Nesbitt's books when with the aid of magic they visited the past. But we think regretfully that in our workaday modern world it is impossible. There are no Time Machines, no Wishing Rings, no Magic Carpets. Yet, strangely enough, we *can* visit the Middle Ages, and it can be done for even less than thirty pounds.

The Middle Ages still exist, unchanged, unaltered. It is not a question of travelling through *Time*, but through *space*. If you take a second-class steamer ticket from England to Tangiers it will cost eight pounds, a return will cost twelve; there are large comfortable steamers every few days sailing from various English ports. If you are in a hurry you can take an aeroplane instead. When you get to Tangiers take the train or take the bus—either will cost you less than ten shillings—to Fez. It is quite simple, you are there in a few hours. Yet, when you reach Fez you have arrived in the Middle Ages. There you are, you recognise it at once, not the place, but the Time.

There are the narrow streets under the overhanging

houses brimming with crowded, noisy life. Tall, bearded men in hoods and gowns pass by talking. Rich, fat men on sleek, grey mules with servants running ahead to clear a path force their way through the crowds; lords from the country on fine horses with small retainers ride by, scorning the 'citizens,' like knights of old; poor men, half-naked in the dust, drive their laden mules and donkeys crying, 'Balek ! Balek ! Ware ! Ware !' or themselves carry huge burdens on their heads.

As we entered the *souks*, or markets, we passed rows of blind beggars standing in the gateway, chanting in unison. We gave them some copper coins: they did not thank us or bless us like European beggars, but turning away praised Allah to whom alone praise and thanks are due since he ordained that the traveller should pass at this hour and give this gift. In other towns in Morocco I have actually seen veiled lepers begging in the streets.

The *souks* are collections of little open-faced shops built along very narrow streets which are sometimes roofed, or covered with lattices supporting ancient, gnarled vines. Each trade is housed in a separate quarter, and each trade has its guild which regulates prices and qualities. It does not, however, regulate what prices the sellers may *ask*, and bargaining is as intense as it must have been in Cheapside in the fourteenth century when country bumpkins and country squires complained of the sharp practices of shopkeepers and their prentices.

Walking through the *souks*, you pass from the sellers of wool to the dyers, to the weavers, to the tailors, to the sellers of finished robes. Far away a metallic ringing grows louder and louder as you approach it, through the shops of the leather-workers and the slipper-sellers, the cobblers and the saddle-makers. It is the quarter of the metal-workers.

Enormous cauldrons of white iron lie in the streets, big enough for Siegfried to take his dragon's-blood bath in, copper trays and water-jugs, brass samovars and kettles of ordinary English pattern perched on little charcoal stoves, fill the workrooms. Master and man sit cross-legged on the ground beating out new utensils or mending old ones.

I was particularly pleased with the tailors' quarter. The tailors sat cross-legged on their benches, sewing together the hoods and gowns and robes, the *bjebellahs* and *burnooses*. In the street outside stood their little shaven-headed prentices, boys of seven or eight holding the bobbins of the silk their masters were using. As the man sewed the boy twisted the bobbin in and out to make a chain stitch, like an ordinary sewing-machine stitch. As I was watching them a man came by nearly naked and stained a deep blue like an ancient Briton. He was a journeyman dyer, dyeing with indigo.

But it was difficult to stand still to watch anything for the constant stream of jostling humanity pouring like a river down the narrow streets, heavily veiled women in shapeless wrappings, old men, young men, tinker, tailor, beggarman, thief.

Once, in the narrow streets, we met a strange procession and were carried back far beyond medieval times to the Classical youth of the world. A group of old men appeared leading three red cows whose horns were decorated with silk shawls and flowers. Young men went before them blowing on brazen trumpets which might have brought down the walls of Jericho, and old men danced in the street before them as David danced before the Lord. It was, we were told, a guild of Berber merchants from the country taking their offerings to a Mosque to which they were attached.

We left Fez with regret, but Morocco has so many exciting places to visit, and we had little time to see so much

in. Everywhere we found good, inexpensive hotels, excellent French cooking, and comfortable motor-buses. And Moroccan cooking itself is delicious, but too rich and medieval for everyday use; though I have never tasted or imagined such roast chicken as I ate in a Moorish restaurant in Fez, the flesh melting from the bones in delicious succulence.

One great charm of Morocco is the completely unspoiled nature of the cities. The new French quarter is always separate from the old town and at some distance from it, so that you can often wander about for days without even seeing another European.

From Fez we went by bus to Azrou to see the giant cedars and great holm oak forests. Though the country has only been opened up within the last few years there are comfortable inns and a winter station with quite good ski-ing, I believe. It is a wild, romantic place, and we were happy to have seen the great forests, but we went on, as there was no snow yet, to Beni-Mellal, a small town set in enchantingly beautiful country, in a watered plain among hills and mountains with great groves of 'olives of endless age.' I was delighted to see there young Jewish girls of a really exquisite beauty, their dark plaits of hair looking almost too heavy for the delicate heads they crowned. They were kneeling by the river washing their clothes, some distance from the town, for they have to use a different washing place from the arrogant Arabs. We could not talk to them, for they knew no French, but we smiled at one another and each in his own tongue wished the other well. I lingered looking back, for these lovely Jewish girls in their brightly coloured dresses and fringed head handkerchiefs kneeling by the clear stream were truly a charming sight, like some lovely scene from the Old Testament.

We had visited a harem in Fez, but I cannot say that I was impressed by the pleasures of harem life. There were only two wives (much marrying, except among *caids* who have to marry wives for reasons of policy, has 'gone out of fashion' I was told by Arab acquaintances). One wife was old and one was young, and boredom sat on both their faces. The harem looked entirely inward on to a richly over-decorated court. It was in the centre of Fez. There was no garden; there were no windows; there were no visitors; the wives never went out. Perhaps once a year they were allowed to pay a visit to some famous shrine. Penned up in their gaudy prison they spend their time eating too much, quarrelling, making up their faces and trying on their costumes, having children, and doing nothing. I've never seen a place where boredom was so evidently rife. I escaped from it with delight, thanking heaven not to have been born an Arab. The negro slaves were the only cheerful note; able to go out shopping and meet their friends, they laughed and chattered happily enough.

I was reminded of a remark the Caid of Mogador made to an English visitor. He had been perfectly amazed to find that this Englishman lived happily with his wife. It was evidently something outside his experience and he observed them wistfully. Finally he said, 'You have one wife and you are happy. I have a hundred and I have never known a happy hour except away from home!'

It was probably some such first-hand observation which made the Sheriff of Ouazzan nearly sixty years ago divorce all his wives and go looking for an English wife. He found a suitable young girl with courage enough to embark on this rather difficult career, and they lived happily together until his death, she being much loved by his family and his

tribe. She says, significantly, 'After a time he became quite cheerful and even began to talk.'

In pursuit of my investigations into the happiness of harem life I thought that I ought to visit the Sultan of Ouzzourzat. This remarkable man, the most married man of our time, at any rate, marries a wife *every day*. 'Even on fast days?' we asked, rather shocked. 'Yes,' replied our informant firmly, 'even during Ramadan.' So we set out for Ouzzourzat.

The castle, or Kashba, of this remarkable man is in the wildest, remotest part of the Middle Atlas—only within the last few years have the French opened up that part of the country and it is still hardly safe for the traveller. However, we were going with an unusual man, M. Emil Dubois, a Belgian former soldier who came to Marrakesh to heal his lungs, injured by gas, settled down there, speaks Arabic and the Berber dialect Chleuh, and acts as chauffeur and guide to travellers who want really out-of-the-way experiences, adventurous without being actually dangerous. In his hands we thought we would be safe enough even in the castle of Ouzzourzat. So we set off. The Atlas mountains are wonderfully grand. The giant cedars loom incredibly vast against the sky, huge ilex trees larger than any we had ever seen before hung on the steep slopes. The Berber tribesmen with their flocks of brown sheep came out of their little black felt tents and saluted us. They do not like the French, their conquerors, but are friendly enough to other foreigners. The Berbers are a splendid-looking race, very tall and straight with frank, open faces, fair-skinned and often blue-eyed. They have resisted every effort to civilise them. The Romans failed, the Arabs failed. The French, I hope, will fail. For there is something splendid about the simplicity and the unchanging quality of their

existence. Their stoic acceptance of rain and wind, of cold and heat, their indifference to luxury and even to comfort, their entire belief in one God who has ordained the universe as it is, so that heat, cold, wind, rain are his will, and so should be equally acceptable to his creatures, has something truly grand and truly poetic about it. Something that made Nietzsche call them 'the noblest race of men.' No harems here. The women, strong and active, generally with one baby tied to their backs and another toddler clinging to their gowns, looked out at us with no concealing veil, as frank and fearless as the men.

It was afternoon when we came at last to the castle of Ouzזורzat. It loomed before us huge and strange. It might have been a castle designed by a Martian architect for a War Lord of Mars. It certainly did not look as if anyone of our world would ever have thought of it. However, there it was. It appeared to be all too solid and real, though great clouds were gathering like more distant and even more fantastic castles ranged behind it.

With some inner doubts, on my part at least, we knocked at the gate. After a time a retainer opened it. We asked if the Sultan was at home. 'No,' replied the retainer, 'he has just gone to his palace in Marrakesh because the Sultan is coming.' Disappointed, but perhaps a little relieved, we went on our way. For the castle looked odder and odder the longer we looked at it. And we thought even the wild mountains in the gathering night friendlier and safer looking than the ominous Kashba of Ouzזורzat.

On our first arrival we approached Marrakesh, the capital of Southern Morocco, in the early morning. The Middle Atlas had grown lower and lower as we drove along and turned at last into a dusty plain. But far away we could see the magnificent range of the Great Atlas, white with

eternal snow. Strings of camels began to pass us. They surprised me by being so beautiful in motion. The dusty yellow beasts that look so lumpy and awkward at rest move with the grace of sailing ships before a breeze; their long necks, always carried before them at just the same height, seem to be floating upon water as their smooth effortless stride carries them away across the distant horizon. As we drew near Marrakesh groves of date palms appeared everywhere. The day was hot and bright, and the people we met had a more negroid and more genial look than the pinched fanatic faces common at Fez. We were in the Middle Ages still, but this was the Middle Ages of Haroun al-Raschid, Calif of Baghdad. This was the vast oriental city, with its huge red walls stretching away farther than the eye could reach where strange adventures would lie in wait for one—where life would become infinitely complicated and dangerous if you walked that ‘stone’s throw out on either hand from the well-ordered world we know.’ And we found that even the French are oddly affected by the atmosphere of magic and sorcery. A common advertisement in French Moroccan newspapers is ‘Madame — tells the Future. Good at *removing enchantments*.’ And old French inhabitants are apt, when they are ill, to call in the sorcerer instead of the doctor. I should not myself call in the Berber doctors whom I saw sitting with their wares in the great square at Fez among the Berber dancers, the snake-charmers and sellers of love philtres and fertility charms. They are wild, bearded men—squatting among their wolves’ heads and panther skins, with powdered bones and weird dry herbs spread upon the ground for sale. But the drugs must be accompanied by charms and invocations, for though Allah alone is merciful and is all-powerful, the Berbers have a Pagan pantheon of their own as well, and the Arabs have

a thousand saints to intercede for them. I was, however, charmed by the snake-charmer against attacks by snakes, though I was not tempted to try the efficacy of his invocations by playing with his large black-hooded cobras and squat, deadly-looking vipers among which he danced barefooted to the monotonous squealing and thumping of a pipe and drum.

We were singularly fortunate in that our visit to Marrakesh coincided with the yearly visit of the Sultan. As we approached its great red walls for the first time we rubbed our eyes. The plain was full of magnificent horses caparisoned in blue, or green, or crimson embroidered with gold, being led about by retainers or standing in groups snuffing at the dry grass. There were pavilions on the plain and fires at which mutton was roasting. It might have been a Council of Saladin and his knights, but it was really a gathering of the Berber chiefs from the Atlas come to welcome the Sultan outside the city.

They meet him on the plain, and when he receives the traditional bread and salt have a 'fantasia,' dashing about on their horses, firing off their long-stocked rifles and throwing them in the air.

We also saw the Sultan's visit to the Mosque, riding on a magnificent grey Arabian stallion and preceded by six other stallions of equal beauty led unsaddled ahead of him. A huge green umbrella was held above him as he rode dressed in robes of the finest, whitest wool. Two pretty little sons of his Marrakesh consort came after him in a pony carriage drawn by four tiny Shetland ponies and oddly accompanied by a French governess with blondined hair. And he was guarded by his private bodyguard which might well have attended Haroun al-Raschid—superb Senegalese troops, clad for the visit to the Mosque in pure white linen.

with full pleated trousers, but generally wearing scarlet, with fantastic round head-dresses rather like the Red Queen's crown.

After Marrakesh almost anything would seem an anticlimax. But really, though Marrakesh is stranger than anything I ever saw or imagined, I left it with some relief; there was something rather alarming about such strangeness. And we had still to cross the great Atlas, where we slept in the pass of Tizintest, at a height of eight thousand feet, and watched the dawn break over the desert far away. There the German ex-legionary who kept the mountain inn offered us panther shooting if we would stay another day, or ostrich shooting in the desert if we spent the week-end.

All through the Atlas we had seen tremendous castles. I asked the approximate date of one particularly grand one. 'Oh,' said M. Dubois, who was still our guide, 'I can tell you the exact date of that one. It was begun in 1907, but, as you see, it was never quite finished—that's because the French came and modern artillery made it out of date.'

Then as we went farther and farther south we began to see the Argand trees, a strange tree which grows nowhere else in the world, and which has an oil-yielding berry—it is a little like the olive but more gnarled and dragon-like.

We went to Agadir, to Mogador, to Casablanca and to Rabat. Still the strangest and the most individual of all the cities we visited were Fez and Marrakesh. But I think I have said enough already to show that you can visit the Middle Ages, and that such a visit is not only a delightful holiday but something to remember with interest and pleasure all your life.

'RIDE ON, LITTLE SISTER!'

BY CLARE SILVA-WHITE.

'AND who have you got for me to-day?' asked Dr. Terence O'Flaherty, after he had hung up his wet overcoat and finished discussing the weather.

'There is Mrs. Hogan,' said the Mother Superior slowly. 'She is complaining a great deal this morning of that bad leg of hers. Then old Mr. Armstrong got out of bed last night as soon as Sister had gone out of the ward, and as a result his temperature is up this morning to 103. Mrs. Lindsay's cough is much worse. She can hardly get her breath sometimes. I think you had better see her. And, of course, Sister Augustine, I fear she is failing fast.'

'Sister Augustine?'

'Yes, do you not remember she was transferred here from our Birmingham house about nine months ago? She was taken ill soon after she arrived, but you were away on your holidays and Dr. O'Connor attended her. She has never been really well since. Years ago, you know, she spent a long time in South America, and I think the hot climate must have been too much for her. Her strength has been failing her now for some time, and last week she was compelled to keep her bed. She has grown very weak, and wanders a great deal.'

'Is that the small Sister I have met once or twice in the corridors?' asked the Doctor.

And as he spoke he seemed to see her there in the little reception room. A tiny, frail creature, her eyes dark beneath her white wimple. Once, twice he had passed her as he went on his rounds.

'Yes, she is very small, hardly bigger than a child. Come, I will take you to see her first.'

And the Mother Superior, her voluminous habit making a gentle murmur against the matting, led the Doctor down the long corridor and up the stairs into the little ward which was set aside for the sick and infirm among the Sisters. There was only one bed occupied, and as they approached it, the Sister who was kneeling at one side, busy with her beads, rose to her feet.

'How is she, Sister?'

'Just the same, Reverend Mother. Her poor mind wanders all the time.'

The Doctor bent down, but his first brief glance showed him that here was a patient who need not be disturbed. He straightened himself, and looking significantly across at the Mother Superior, he said :

'We won't bother her just now, I think. I will look in again when I have finished my round.'

The Mother Superior gave a little sigh. Then she turned to the Sister.

'You will stay here, Sister. The Doctor and I will be returning in a little while.'

Sister Teresa fell on her knees once more at the bedside as the Doctor and the Mother Superior went softly out of the ward.

They walked cautiously so that they might not disturb the rest of her who lay in the little bed. For the same reason the Sister repeated her office in a low, almost inaudible whisper. None of them need have troubled, for had they only known it, Sister Augustine was thousands of miles away from them all, and soon she would be setting out on a longer journey still. . . .

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. . . It was in the year 1899 that she left her native

country, France, to help establish a branch of the Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor, in South America. She didn't go alone, of course. There were nine other Sisters with her, but she was the youngest of them all. And so tiny, that at first the Mother-General, who was the guiding force that had sent them out, demurred a little at letting her go. But so earnestly did she plead, so certain was she that her health was well able to stand the strain, that in the end that kindest of women gave way. She allowed Augustine to take her place with the rest.

But to big Sister Vincent, she said :

'Take special care of the little Sister. Otherwise you might lose her. For look you, have you ever seen anyone so tiny?'

Then they all laughed, but little Sister Augustine did not mind. She was quite content, for she had got her way. She was going out with the other Sisters to start the work in far-away South America. Sometimes as she knelt in chapel, those last few days before they set sail, she wondered a little about this new country to which they were going. There would be strange flowers, strange birds, strange beasts. Sister Augustine, who was of a timid disposition, hoped that these last would keep the new arrivals at a respectful distance. For even the angry bark of an old farmhouse dog was enough to make her heart flutter beneath the heavy black habit.

But soon afterwards they were travelling to Bordeaux to take the ship for Barranquilla, and then she forgot all about wild animals, for she was sick almost all through the voyage. It was only on the last three days that she had sufficiently recovered to be able to pace the deck for a little while, leaning on Sister Vincent's strong arm. For Sister Vincent, that lucky one, had not known what it meant even to be

sick for one day. And that was a good thing for Sister Augustine, for she nursed her night and day, and was almost as delighted as she was, when at last the time came that she could leave the hot little cabin, and stagger upstairs to seek the benefits of a little fresh air. Not that there was too much of that, for it was stiflingly hot. Still it was a change after the cabin, and as she lay in a low deck-chair listening to Sister Vincent's cheerful voice, life began to take on some of its old brightness once more.

By the time they reached Barranquilla she was almost her old self again. They rested there for two or three days, but Sister Vincent, who was in charge of the party, would not allow them to remain any longer. Indeed, they were all anxious to reach their destination. The journey on the Magdalena river up to Honda took them fifteen days, and although Sister Augustine suffered no more from sea-sickness, she told herself many times that she hoped it would be a long while before she would have to enter a boat again.

Think of it! After that long sea voyage to be more than three weeks in a boat, and often the water so shallow that their craft sank into the sands, and they had to be transferred to another vessel.

But oh the beauty of the country through which they passed! The birds with their marvellous plumage, the wonderful deep dark green of the forests that reached right down to the water's edge, the strange, tropical flowers.

Once as they drifted close to land, Sister Augustine saw a slender shape curved round the bough of a tree that overhung the water. She called Sister Vincent, and the two of them watched it for a moment in silence. Then Sister Vincent clapped those big, brown hands of hers, and immediately it sprang up, so that for a moment they saw all the

gracile beauty of its black and golden body, before it dropped into the thick undergrowth and was lost to view.

But supposing, just supposing, they had been nearer, thought Sister Augustine, clutching her companion's arm for a moment at the mere thought of it.

Nothing seemed to frighten Sister Vincent, yet even she seemed thankful when at last that long voyage came to an end.

They reached Honda to find the President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, with two of the members, waiting to receive them. They had brought with them ten mules for the use of the Sisters and three horses for themselves.

Oh, and then the heart of little Sister Augustine sank right down into those tiny boots of hers. For be sure that never in all her twenty-six years had she even a nodding acquaintance with horse-flesh, let alone with mules. And now she must mount this fiery beast that the kind-eyed gentleman was holding for her. Must somehow, when safely mounted, contrive to arrange her heavy skirts with becoming decorum. See, Sister Vincent, just ahead of her, had managed it to perfection. She was leaning back in her saddle like a queen on her throne. Nothing daunted Sister Vincent—neither sea voyages, nor jaguars, nor even mules.

At first it wasn't so dreadful after all. It was straight country and the mules ambled along soberly enough. Sliding her little fingers underneath the big broad saddle Sister Augustine could feel the animal's warm back against her bare flesh.

But presently the road changed. The ground was now steep and sloping, strewn with boulders of a great size, so that to negotiate them successfully, the mules were obliged to stand on their hind legs.

Only the special grace of God and the sweet protection

of His Most Blessed Mother kept the Little Sisters from sliding sheer off the animals' backs on to the rocky road. They clung to saddle and bridle with all their strength, praying that the end of this most special trial might come soon. But there was to be no end to it yet awhile, and it was not long before even Sister Vincent's broad brown face took on an unearthly white hue, and as for little Sister Augustine, well, the marvel was that she had not collapsed of sheer fright and fatigue long ago.

Sister Vincent recovered herself first, of course. She rode among the other Sisters on her big grey mule.

'See, my Sisters, what a good horsewoman I have become ! Sister Aloysius, do not hang so tightly on to his mouth or you will pull the poor beast over on top of you. And you, Sister Genevieve, sit further back in your saddle.'

But to little Sister Augustine all she said was :

'Ride on, little Sister, ride on ! For the honour of France and of Our Lady !'

And the little Sister did her best to obey her, to keep up with the rest, but, dear God, it was terrible ! They went down hills where their mules were obliged to jump from one rock to another. Indeed, it was hard to say which was the worst, the going down a hill, or the coming up, for in each the animal was bent forward vertically, so that had she not leaned backward as far as possible, she might have fallen on his head. Oh, those rocks, those steep hills ! For months afterwards she was to go over them again and again at night, to wake up with that strong voice crying in her ears :

'Ride on, little Sister, ride on ! For the honour of France and of Our Lady !'

But even the worst things come to an end, and at last came a day when that ride could safely be numbered among

the things of the past. With thankful hearts they said good-bye to their mules, and soon they were in a train on their way to Bogota.

There the ladies and gentlemen of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul awaited them at the station. What greetings, what a welcome!

'Had you too bad a journey? Was it very terrible?'

'Oh no, no, it was nothing, just nothing at all.'

And indeed, thought Sister Augustine, standing there on the platform, with not a mule in sight, and the ground firm beneath her feet, it was almost as though a sponge had been passed over a slate, erasing the memory of that ride from their minds. It was not until one went to bed at night that it all came back again.

They were taken to a waiting carriage, sinking gratefully on the broad cushioned seats. The carriage moved out into the streets, and presently, to the amazement of all who were not in the secret, it drew up outside a beautiful church. The doors were flung open, and they could see the High Altar all aglitter with lights, as though for some great festival. They heard the jubilant swell of the organ, and to that music the little band of Sisters, those heroic travellers, suffered themselves to be led up the aisle to the seats awaiting them in the sanctuary.

But those tears, which not even the events of that journey had drawn forth, were falling now fast and free, as with trembling voices they joined in the *Te Deum*, and gazed with hungry eyes at the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the High Altar.

And after that there was but the last little journey to the house which was to be the first home of the Little Sisters of the Poor in South America. It was all beautiful—and fancy, there were even some poor old men and women

already gathered there to welcome them, and to make the picture complete !

And presently the Archbishop himself came to say Mass and to confide the Most Blessed Sacrament to the care of the little community of faithful women, that like that other little band of women two thousand years ago, who watched beside a Cross, had endured until the end.

Sister Augustine stayed at the home in Bogota for many years. She, the little frail one, actually outlived big Sister Vincent, who succumbed some five years after their arrival there to the dreadful yellow fever which had already carried off the Mother Provincial and another of the Sisters.

After Sister Vincent died, the little Sister felt very lonely. The old pet name had fallen into disuse. To the rest of the community, fond as they all were of her, she was Sister Augustine.

Often she would go down to the tiny cemetery where the Sisters were buried, and kneeling at the graveside of that one most dear, she would try to imagine that she heard her big voice calling :

'Ride on, little Sister, ride on ! For the honour of France and of Our Lady !'

How long those days seemed ! Why, it was almost as though that terrible ride had never happened, had just been a figment of one's own romantic imagination. But, of course, that was nonsense. For was it not chronicled in the very books of the Order—that ride of the ten Little Sisters over the mountain passes ?

At last her health became so bad that they insisted on sending her back to France. Once there, in her native land, she seemed to improve. Quite soon she was well enough to be transferred to the house of the Order in Birmingham. But after she had been there for three or four years, her

health failed again, and on the advice of the doctor she was sent to one of the houses in Ireland, in the hope that the softer, milder climate might do her good.

That was nine months ago, and she had been growing gradually feebler as the weeks slipped by. For a while, of course, she had been strong enough to go about more or less as usual, and perform her duties with the rest. But at last a morning came when she tried to lift her head from the pillow when the first bell rang in the hour of dawn, and found it was impossible.

And since then, why, she had just lain there in her little bed, content to let her frail bark rock placidly to and fro on a quiet sea. Still within sight and sound of shore, that bark would soon set forth on a longer journey even than the voyage to far-away South America.

'She is going fast,' said Dr. Terence O'Flaherty as, having finished his round, he came back to the bedside of Sister Augustine.

The Mother Superior fell on her knees, and the beads of rosary brushed lightly against one of Sister Augustine's little hands, as they pulled restlessly at the white coverlet.

'How cold she is,' the Doctor muttered, as he took the tiny wrist in his big warm grasp.

Through that thick haze that had come between herself and the outside world, she heard him, and he saw the tiny, fugitive ghost of a smile twitch at her sunken mouth.

'How cold!'

Ridiculous, when the sun was blazing overhead in merciless strength. When her heavy serge garments clung around her limbs, and the warm hide of a big brown mule sweltered beneath her hand.

Why, there was Sister Vincent riding just ahead of her, and every bit as hot as she was! She could see the big

drops of perspiration beading her cheeks, falling down on her dusty, travel-stained habit, as she turned in her saddle.

Hear the beloved sound of her strong, cheerful voice, as once again, and for the last time, she urged her forward.

'Ride on, little Sister, ride on ! Our journey is almost at an end now.'

There was a little movement in the bed, as of one who, after a long day's work, at length settles down to peaceful slumber.

The Doctor laid back the cold hand on the coverlet.

'Her journey is finished,' he said.

A FAREWELL.

*Summer is passing hence, as all must pass.
She was a queen, and has a golden pall.
A little, lonely wind sighs through the grass,
The first dead leaves like mourners' footsteps fall
Along the quiet ways, the woods and lanes
Where every bud and blossom made her dear ;
Of all her wealth of flowers none remains
—Or just a sad sweet few whose end is near.
The silent, waiting multitude of trees,
Which waved and sang her crowning, watch the end :
Summer, their queen is gone, the colder breeze
Is like her dying breath : a ' Farewell, friend !'
The old wood crowns the wistful Autumn queen
In dying gold, where once was living green.*

C. M. MALLET.

THE BIRTH OF A COLONY.

BY LAURA LUCIE NORSWORTHY.

‘A PLAN has been formed, by my direction, for transporting a number of convicts in order to remove the inconvenience which arose from the crowded state of the gaols in different parts of the kingdom ; and you will, I doubt not, take such further measures as may be necessary for the purpose.’

In these casual words King George the Third, in his opening speech to Parliament on January 3rd, 1787, made the first public and official allusion to the coming birth of New South Wales, the first of the great Australian Colonies.

It had been for many years the policy of Great Britain to transport felons to America. This served the treble purpose of avoiding the building of innumerable prisons in the United Kingdom to accommodate the large number of convicts—of ridding the mother country of the undesirable part of her population—and at the same time of increasing the supply of inhabitants in a large, sparsely peopled continent.

The Declaration of Independence of America in 1776 and the Treaty of Versailles in 1783 put an end to this system of transportation so far as the United States were concerned, though a few convict ships did actually find their way there as late as 1788-9. The result was that the prisons of Great Britain were soon full to overflowing—for it was a time when even the destruction of a tree, plant, or shrub in a garden was a capital offence, and life sentences were meted out to poachers, pickpockets and petty thieves in as wholesale a way as to persons convicted of the gravest crimes. If,

therefore, the country was not to be built over with gaols—no one thought then of altering the law—a new scheme of transportation obviously had to be found.

The Gold Coast of Africa was tried, but the climate and conditions were such that it had to be abandoned in 1785.

Meantime, Captain Cook had visited the East Coast of Australia in 1770 and 1777, and had taken possession of that vast tract of land on behalf of the British Government. From Van Dieman's Land (Tasmania) to the Gulf of Carpentaria it had been named New South Wales, and the possibility of utilising this territory—or part of it—as a penal settlement was being slowly weighed.

The discovery of the Australian Continent has been claimed by divers nations—Dutch, Portuguese, French, English and Chinese—each perhaps with equal right, for the isolated bays, capes and stretches of land found and named by mariners of different nationalities formed but a small part of that great territory. No one nation discovered the whole.

The names of these first explorers are lost in antiquity. So also are their descriptions of its geography; but as late as 1542 it was believed to be an immense island lying below the island of Java. There is a map of it showing the upper coast only, and this is incorrectly drawn. Another map of about the same period—1550—shows the country as a great tract of land running round the South Pole.

By the time Captain Cook found his way there, more than two hundred years later, though the geography of New Holland—as it was then called—was still incompletely known, it had been sufficiently well charted by the French for him to follow their maps. He himself says :

'The charts with which I compared such parts of this coast as I visited, are bound up with a French work entitled

Histoire des Navigations aux Terres Australes, which was published in 1756, and I found them tolerably correct.'

He was accompanied on his voyage of exploration in 1770 by one Joseph Banks, a naturalist, who was destined to become the central figure in the planning of the new colony. Joseph Banks had roused the interest of Dr. Johnson, and after his return to England a convivial meeting took place between them. Dr. Johnson immediately followed it up by a letter :

'To Joseph Banks, Esq.,
Johnson's Court,
Fleet Street.

'February 27th, 1772.

SIR,

'Perpetua ambita bis terra præmia lactis
Haec habet altrici Capra secunda Jovis.

'I return thanks to you and to Dr. Solander for the pleasure which I received in yesterday's conversation. I could not recollect a motto for your goat, but have given her one. You, Sir, may perhaps have an epic poem from some happier pen than, Sir, your most humble servant

'SAM : JOHNSON.'

So much was the great dictionary writer impressed by the adventure that when Captain Cook sailed again in 1777, Boswell tells us that Dr. Johnson actually had thoughts of accompanying him.

'Had not you some desire to go upon this expedition, sir?' Boswell asked Dr. Johnson.

'Why, yes,' was the reply, 'but I soon laid it aside. Sir, there is very little of intellectual in the course. Besides, I see but at a little distance. So it was not worth my while to go to see birds fly, which I should not have seen fly; and fishes swim, which I should not have seen swim.'

Whereby we may know the impression created by the

Australian Continent in its virgin state on the mind of an eighteenth-century intellectual.

The fruits of the two expeditions of 1770 and 1777 did not begin to ripen until 1779. In that year a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to enquire into the state of the gaols and the question of transportation of the felons. This Committee called on Joseph Banks to lay before it the possibilities of the land visited by Captain Cook and himself nine years earlier.

Joseph Banks had sailed round the globe as a young man, and he had accompanied the expedition of 1770 as a naturalist, so it was presumed that with this experience he had had opportunities of forming a useful opinion regarding the new country's prospects of sustaining a growing population. To Joseph Banks, therefore, Parliament turned for information and advice. Indeed, he soon became the greatest authority on the subject, which materialised into such an absorbing interest that the founding of the new colony developed into his life's ambition. He worked indefatigably to arouse a corresponding interest in the apathetic officials who comprised the personnel of the Secretary of State; and without shadow of doubt to Joseph Banks is due the foresight, enthusiasm and encouragement which persuaded the British Government to equip and despatch the first transports to Botany Bay.

These transports sailed on May 13th, 1787, under Comodore Arthur Phillip, R.N., the first Governor of New South Wales. They consisted of the frigate *Sirius*, commanded by Captain John Hunter, R.N. (and carrying the Governor)—an armed tender, the *Supply*, in charge of Lieutenant Ball, R.N.—3 store ships—and 6 transports. There was a guard of 1 Major Commandant, 3 Captains of Marines, 12 Subalterns, 24 Non-Commissioned Officers,

168 Privates, 40 Women—wives of the Marines—and their children.

There were 756 convicts (564 men and 192 women) divided between the six transports.

In spite of the efforts of Joseph Banks the Government Department which had the matter in hand under Lord Sydney, Secretary of State, and Sir Evan Nepean, Under-Secretary, was sadly lacking in forethought and even in efficient organisation. The result was that the transports were sent away to people a little known and far distant territory with insufficient stores, implements, clothing, or the bare necessities of daily existence. There were, for instance, no needles and thread of any description, and the marines were sent to sea with neither musket balls nor material with which to make them. There were no armourers' tools or surgeons' instruments.

Captain Phillip had nothing to do with this part of the scheme. He was too busily employed elsewhere. But he wrote innumerable letters to the Department urging the necessity for adequate supplies, and it was not his fault that the expedition—under orders to sail—eventually started without them.

Its departure was wrapt in the same apathy that had shrouded its preparation. Not the faintest public interest was even remotely aroused; and the founders of the new colony which, in the course of little more than half a century, was to become one of the greatest countries of the world, left the shores of England for their unknown destination without even the encouragement of the Government that had despatched them.

The expedition was accompanied down the Channel by the *Hyæna*, of His Majesty's Navy, which then returned to Plymouth, and the little fleet of ships proceeded on its

voyage alone. By the *Hyæna* Captain Phillip sent back his first despatch. Here it is :

‘As we are now nearly one hundred leagues clear of the Channel the *Hyæna* leaves us this evening to return to Plymouth, but the sea runs too high to send on board the different transports to get any particular account of the state of the convicts. I have, therefore, only to repeat what I said in my last from the Motherbank, that a great part of the women’s cloathing was not come down from London when we sailed, nor did I receive the letters from the Vice King. The Provost Marshall, who had not been seen for a considerable time before we sailed, is left behind, and as it will be very necessary to have such an officer on the spot, I have ordered Mr. Henry Brewer to act as such, and shall be glad if he is approved of.

‘I enclose a copy of the last returns, and shall send you a more particular account from Teneriffe. At present our motion is such that I find it very difficult to sit at table, but the weather is good, and tho’ the *Charlotte* and *Lady Penrhyn* sail very badly, the clearing the Channel is one great point gained.’

... ‘Since I sealed my letters I have received a report from the officers on board the *Scarborough* respecting the convicts, who, it is said, have formed a scheme for taking possession of the ship. I have ordered the ringleaders on board the *Sirius*, and should not mention the affair at this moment, as I have no time to enter into particulars, but that I suppose it will be mentioned in letters from the ship. I did intend to write to Lord Sydney, but it is late, and I wish the boats on board the different ships. You may assure his lordship of my respects, and tell him the reason that prevents my writing to him.’

Two of the ringleaders of this mutiny were flogged and then removed to another ship. This seems to have had a salutary effect, for the convicts attempted no further insubordination during the remainder of the voyage.

To develop a new and virgin country they had been most unsuitably chosen—indeed, not chosen at all. The idea paramount in the minds of the Governors of the various gaoles from which they had come seemed to have been to get rid of the most troublesome among the occupants, and a curious selection of persons was the result. They consisted of gentlemen's servants and even gentlemen themselves, hair-dressers, hackney coachmen, chairmen, silk-weavers, calico-printers, watch-makers, lapidaries and merchants' clerks, besides aged criminals, decrepit or diseased, utterly useless for the purpose in hand, and who were a handicap all round.

Of the sort of people necessary for such a venture—farmers, farm-labourers, builders, tree-fellers, masons and carpenters—there were none. There was nobody who knew anything about botany, mineralogy and natural science. No schoolmasters or teachers. Respectable persons who could have acted as overseers of the men and matrons for the women were conspicuous by their absence. These officers had to be chosen from among the felons themselves.

The wants of the religious had been almost equally neglected. Two Roman Catholic priests had addressed a petition to Lord Sydney offering their services, but, so far as is known, he never even answered it. The only clergyman who accompanied the expedition was a Methodist chaplain—the Reverend Richard Johnson. It was evident, therefore, that the first Governor of New South Wales had an Herculean task before him.

The little fleet called in at Teneriffe, Rio de Janeiro and the Cape of Good Hope, and at these ports Governor Phillip remedied, as far as he could, the shortage of necessities. At the Cape he took on board plants, grain and seeds for growing in the new country, and a few domestic animals for breeding. These were : 1 Stallion, 3 Mares, 3 Colts,

2 Bulls, 6 Cows, 44 Sheep, 28 Hogs. In addition the Governor and the Officers of Marines purchased a few head of stock on their own account.

So far they had sailed seas that had been the highway of marine traffic for centuries, and were there but a little group of ships among other ships ; but when at last they appeared upon the horizon of the South Pacific Ocean they were alone on a vast and unused tract of water, the isolated pioneers of a great and perilous adventure. Nevertheless—favoured by wind and weather—the voyage was accomplished in safety, and took actually no longer than thirty-six weeks, all the ships having the good fortune to be able to keep together. In January, 1788, they anchored in Botany Bay—the spot chosen for them by Joseph Banks—but the locality was found unsuitable for settlement, and they were obliged to leave it. They moved at once to Port Jackson, where, at the head of Sydney Cove, the birth of the first of the Australian colonies took place, on January 26th, 1788. Governor Phillip nursed the frail infant which, from the hardships, privations, and even starvation that beset it, was like to die, and shared all its surrounding risks. He was a great man. One of the greatest at his job that there has ever been.

By September, 1789, his pioneering was so far advanced that a special Regiment had been raised in England for service in New South Wales. It was called the New South Wales Corps, and was sent to replace the detachment of Marines which had gone to Australia with the first transports. Its status in the British Army was exactly the same as though it had been formed for general instead of special use. The Secretary at War thus described it :

‘ With regard to the rank of the New South Wales Corps, it being the youngest in the Army must, of course, when

drawn up, either with other entire Corps or with detachments from them, take part on the left. But with regard to the Officers in all Corps, without distinction, the militia excepted, they naturally take part in all duties, according to seniority in their respective ranks.'

The new Corps was not destined to add to the lustre of the British Army. It became, in fact, a blot on the escutcheon. When at its maximum strength it consisted of ten companies, numbering 886 non-commissioned officers and privates, all drawn from the old military prison of the Savoy—from convicts emancipated on purpose to serve as soldiers—and from convicts who had served their time. There were also ordinary recruits and men from the Marines, who had taken their discharge in preference to returning to England with the detachment.

This was a formidable selection of men to serve in the sole Corps attached to a penal settlement so far from civilisation, and the menace it contained was very soon felt. The resulting insubordination was the more serious because of the absence of all Civil Law in dealing with the convicts. A Judge Advocate had been ordered by the Home Government to preside over the Courts of Civil and Criminal Jurisdiction, and these Courts had received instructions to be administered 'according to the laws of England'; but by an almost incredible oversight no Judge Advocate had been supplied to act in this capacity, nor anyone who could be remotely described as either a Judge or an Advocate; so that a Captain of Marines with no qualifications for a purely judicial position was the only person available to fill the rôle; and as there were no lawyers in the colony the Governor had no legal advice on which he could rely. The result was that martial law prevailed. This worked fairly well while Governor Phillip was in command; but by 1792

the burden of his duties had become intolerable even for him. Nearly five years of overwork, heavy responsibility, self-sacrifice and want under the most appalling conditions had told on his constitution. He found himself obliged to resign his post for reasons of ill-health, and left the colony on December 11th, 1792.

His place was taken—as a temporary measure—first by Major Gose, and then by Captain Paterson, both of the New South Wales Corps. A measure greatly to be deplored, for it placed the Corps in a position which proved highly prejudicial to the colony. It was not until 1795 that a new Governor was sent from England to replace Governor Phillip. This was Captain John Hunter, R.N., who was chosen because he had been Captain of the *Sirius* on that expedition which had brought the first convicts to Australia in 1787, and was, therefore, expected to know something about the conditions.

Captain Hunter found the New South Wales Corps in full possession of the colony and using the power thus attained in the worst possible interests of the convicts. Among other things they had secured the monopoly for the sale of rum, and were supplying it at exaggerated prices to the emancipated felons, thereby enriching themselves at the expense of their more unfortunate compatriots. So strongly had they entrenched themselves in the administration that there was no redress against them ; and so careless were they of principle that justice depended on the size of a bribe ; and if enough was offered even pardons could be bought and sold.

Up to this period free emigrants had not been permitted to enter the colony. But in 1796 the first of these arrived from England, duly conveyed thence at the public expense. On arrival in New South Wales grants of land were assigned

to them, and free rations were allowed from the Government stores over a period of eighteen months.

Governor Hunter received the first of these, and did his best to protect their interests against the monopolies of the New South Wales Corps; but in spite of his efforts there was, from the first, ill-feeling between the free emigrants and the convict settlers, which grew in intensity as time went on. The Corps, instead of helping him, hindered in every way possible and made matters so much worse that Governor Hunter could do little with any of them. In September, 1800, he embarked for England to report the facts to the British Government. He arrived under unlucky auspices. Do what he would, he could make no impression that promised to remedy the matter and he resigned his post in preference to returning to Australia.

By the time the next Governor—Captain Philip Gidley King, R.N.—took his place, things had reached such a pitch that when he sent home to England a box containing despatches and complaints, it was found on arrival at Downing Street to contain nothing but a parcel of old newspapers—having been rifled by the rebels before leaving Sydney. So much for the respect of the New South Wales Corps for either their Governor or for British authority at home. But even this did not open the eyes of Parliament.

Captain King, with no help behind him from the Government he represented, could do so little to improve the state of things that it has been said the colony 'consisted at that time chiefly of those who sold rum and those who drank it'—whole tracts of land changing hands for kegs of rum and—what in course of time were to become fortunes—thereby made and lost.

Governor King resigned in 1806 for the same reasons as his predecessor; but before that Joseph Banks—now Sir

Joseph Banks—had been called on to choose the next Governor. It seemed to him that Captain Bligh, R.N., was a suitable candidate. Captain Bligh had accompanied Captain Cook on his voyage of discovery in 1777, and knew the country. Moreover, he had shown himself to be a marvel of pluck and endurance on an astounding voyage across the Pacific Ocean in an open small boat—and he was certainly unsurpassed as a mariner. To him, therefore, Sir Joseph Banks addressed himself in a letter which, fortunately, has been preserved :

' March 15, 1805.

' MY DEAR SIR,—

' An opportunity has occurred this day which seems to me to lay open an opportunity of being of service to you and as I hope I never omit any chance of being usefull to a friend whom I esteem as I do you I lose not a minute in apprising you of it.

' I have always since the first institution of the new colony at New South Wales taken a deep interest in its success and have been constantly consulted by his Majesty's ministers through all the changes that have been in the department which directs it relative to the more important concerns of the colonists.

' At present King the Governor is tired of his station and well he may be so he has carried into effect a reform of great extent which militated much with the interest of the soldiers and settlers there he is consequently disliked and much opposed and has asked leave to return.

' In conversation I was asked this day if I knew a man proper to be sent out in his stead one who has integrity unimpeached a mind capable of providing its own resources in difficulties without leaning on others for advice firm in dicipline civil in deportment and not subject to whimper and whine when severity of discipline is wanted to meet (emergencies) I immediately answered as this man must be chosen from among the post captains I know of no one but

Captain Bligh who will suit but whether it will meet his views is another question.

'I can therefore if you chuse it place you in the government of the new colony with an income of £2000 a year and with the whole of the Government power and stores at your disposal so that I do not see how it is possible for you to spend £1000 in truth King who is now there receives only £1000 with some deductions and yet lives like a prince and I believe saves money but I could not undertake to recommend anyone unless £2000 clear was given as I think that a man who undertakes so great a trust as the management of an important colony should be certain of living well and laying up a provision for his family.

'I apprehend that you are about 55 years old if so you have by the tables an expectation of 15 years' life and in a climate like that which is the best I know a still better expectation but in 15 years £1000 a year will at compound interest of 5 per cent have produced more than £30,000 and in case you should not like to spend your life there you will have a fair claim on your return to a pension of £1000 a year.

'besides if your family goes out with you as I conclude they would your daughters will have a better chance of marrying suitably there than they can have here for as the colony grows richer every year and something of trade seems to improve I can have no doubt but that in a few years there will be men there very capable of supporting wives in a creditable manner and very desirous of taking them from a respectable and good family.

'Tell me my dear sir when you have consulted your pillow what you think of this to me I confess it appears a promising place for a man who has entered late into the status of a post captain and the more so as your rank will go on for Phillip the first Governor is now an admiral holding a pension for his services in the country.'

Captain Bligh accepted this kind invitation ; but the plans so ably put before him by his generous friend for

his welfare and that of his daughters failed signally to materialise.

He remained only two years in the colony. He was judicious and humane. He did his best to destroy the monopolies of the New South Wales Corps and ex-convict administrators with whom they were in league. He strove to bridle the traffic in strong drink. He assisted the free emigrants in every way he could.

But the monopolists proved too strong for him. They had by that time enjoyed ten or twelve years of immunity from any authority other than the unprotected rights of an isolated Governor. They had long ago lost any fear they may ever have had of the Government in England. And they had grown reckless in their security from restraint. Disapproving of Governor Bligh's attempts at reform, the New South Wales Corps—with the Colonel and other officers in person—marched to Government House and, securing the Governor as a prisoner, took possession of the reins of power.

Captain Bligh returned to England as soon as he could obtain his release, and added his evidence to that of the other Governors who had preceded him; but—though it seems incredible—Parliament appears rather to have blamed him than the real offenders. In the delay that followed a certain Colonel Johnston, in command of the New South Wales Corps, had command also of the colony.

After a year of this and of desultory agitation the British Government awoke to a realisation that something must be done. Colonel Johnston was court-martialled and cashiered. The New South Wales Corps was recalled, and on arrival in England absorbed by the British Army, and renamed the 102nd Regiment. Then a regiment from Scotland—the 73rd—was chosen to take its place, and did so in December,

1809. About 500 men from the New South Wales Corps were allowed to transfer to the 73rd and so to remain in Australia. It might have been thought that experience would have prevented such an arrangement, but for reasons which still remain obscure it was nevertheless carried out. With the new regiment went also a new Governor and a new *régime*. The new Governor was Lieutenant-Colonel Lachlan Macquarie—a Scot with a wide experience of handling men. He started his term of office under happier auspices than any of the earlier Governors, and it may not have been merely coincidence that he was the first army officer to hold the post. He had also the distinction of being the only Governor since Captain Phillip to be popular with everyone, in spite of the fact that he kept a tight hand on the remnants of the New South Wales Corps who had joined the 73rd. He was popular even with the convict settlers, so that his term of office—which was from 1809 to 1821—came to be known as ‘the good old days of Governor Macquarie.’ His name is immortalised in one of the principal streets of Sydney, so it is still in every colonial’s mouth.

He was succeeded in 1821 by Sir Thomas Brisbane—after whom the capital of Queensland was named—and with Sir Thomas Brisbane came a great change in the administration.

Land was only granted to emigrants in proportion to their means to give employment and maintenance to specified numbers of convicts. Subsistence to five convicts for a term of years gave the right to 500 acres of land, plus rations for the family and convict servants for a period of six months. In addition a breeding cow was granted to each convict—the cows to be repaid by an equal number of cows after a specified number of years. Means to maintain and employ ten convicts entitled the settler to 1,000 acres of land, rations,

and ten cows. And so on. With the changing conditions came educated and influential settlers—the backbone of the colonists—and convicts eventually became scarce owing to the influx of so many settlers with capital, who employed and maintained them. Whereupon reports began to travel back to the mother country, glorifying Australia in such a way that to the criminal classes in England it appeared a sort of Utopia. This brought a new set of convicts—people who committed crimes with the definite object of being transported. They were frequently followed by their wives and families, who travelled by passenger ship, bringing with them the ill-gotten gains of the husbands who had preceded them. With this ‘capital’ they claimed the malefactors as servants on arrival. Accordingly the convict husbands were assigned to their wives, and lived comfortably on the proceeds of their misdemeanours. There were other abuses. Gentlemen felons with intelligence—if plausible enough—found means of escaping punishment altogether, while the poor and dull-witted went through their entire sentence. Moreover, pardons were granted wholesale, free in every respect except for permission to leave the colony. These were called ‘Conditional pardons.’

Such things happened often enough to cause resentment on the part of the honest, educated settlers, and to give them a strong sense of injustice. They saw little difference made between the reward of their own virtue and the condonement of felony, and before long feeling ran so high between them and the emancipated convicts that relations were almost impossible.

By that time the conditions of transport had improved out of all comparison with the malequipped little fleet that had borne the first convicts to Botany Bay.

Mr. James Mudie in his book, *The Felony of New South*

Wales, 1837, describes the arrival of female convicts at that date :

‘ Each convict ship carries a herd of females of all ages, with trunks and boxes stuffed with every kind of female dress and toilet paraphernalia they can come at. In the ship they have unlimited freedom of intercourse among themselves ; the ship’s surgeon is entrusted with their discipline.

‘ There are no respectable women overseers or matrons. And certain of the convicts are appointed as nurses to the sick.

‘ With rich silk dresses, bonnets *à la mode*, ear pendants three inches long, gorgeous shawls and splendid veils, silk stockings, kid gloves, and parasols in hand, dispensing sweet odours from their profusely perfumed forms, they disembark, and are assigned as SERVANTS, and distributed to expectant settlers.

‘ On the very road to their respective places of assignment the women are told of the easy retirement of the FACTORY, and advised to get themselves sent there, where they will be allowed to marry without having to obtain the consent of an assignee master.’

The Factory at Parramatta was then (1836-7) managed by the wife of a sergeant—uneducated and incompetent. She was called the Matron. The Police Magistrates of Parramatta and other Magistrates were a visiting Committee, but she ‘ ran ’ the Factory. She appointed overseers from among the convicts to superintend the other convicts, and to wait on her own family ; but apart from this the female convicts were permitted to remain idle, with the result that they were continually getting into mischief. There were 500 or 600 of them in residence at a time, and it is not surprising under this ‘ discipline ’ that many became the mothers of illegitimate children. All were maintained at the expense of the colonial public, and a weekly report of

their numbers—both of mothers and infants—appeared in the *Sydney Gazette* of the period.

These conditions, however, were only temporary. The constant stream of emigrants pouring into the country was now bringing the flower of British colonisers to show the world what grit and pluck and industry can do to develop a new land.

By 1838 the British population in Australia consisted of 80,000 souls, of whom 20,000 lived in Sydney alone; and this was but the beginning of the turn of the tide. The transportation of convicts to New South Wales ceased in 1841. Even then the influx of settlers was swamping the felon population, and when the gold discoveries began ten years later—in 1851—the rush of gold seekers swallowed up all that remained of the convicts.

By that time Australia was one of the important countries of the world; and to-day—only a century and a half from the birth of New South Wales—is no longer a colony but a Commonwealth.

LITTLE DOG GEORGE.

BY W. M. LETTS.

FIFTEEN women out of twenty who passed the door of 39 Hamilton Square and saw the little dog George on the step said : ' You adorable little darling.' George despised them for saying it. He looked up through a fringe of hair and his dark eyes glittered with scorn. If they tried to stroke him he growled. Possibly there has never been so closely packed a bundle of independence as this Sealyham terrier. An ' inferiority complex ' was a thing beyond his comprehension. His attitude was Cæsar's—' For always I am George.' To express him in a parable you must suppose Hitler and Mussolini sitting on a bench together in the sun, dividing the world between them ; George, seeing them thus, would surely jump up and make room for himself.

He was over a year old when he came with a master and mistress to the hall flat at No. 39. He adapted himself at once to the new environment. His mistress ran a Beauty Parlour and his master was a solicitor. They were out all day. Until their return George sought and found his own interests. On Saturday afternoon and Sunday he was a devoted and domesticated little dog with no concerns apart from his owners. At first the cook-housekeeper had tried to take George out on a lead when she went shopping. But he found that he disliked this intensely. The people in shops talked in silly voices to him and offered him biscuits that he would not eat, so he made a point of going off by himself before the shopping expedition started. Indeed, he went out before breakfast that he might inspect the dustbins, hunt

some early cats and meet those dogs who were let out for a run. He despised the cocker who sought his favour so eagerly. She seemed to him a flapper of an effusive and tiresome habit. Large dogs he liked, and here indeed lies the one tragedy of George's youth. He fell victim to an overwhelming passion for a lady Alsatian at the far side of the Square. She appeared to the Sealyham the perfect mate, the ideal mother for his pups. He besieged her door until the parlour-maid from the inside of the door attacked him with a broom. That was bad enough, but she and the cook laughed loudly and shrilly as he retreated backwards down the steps. George's pink, black-spotted nose and his ear-flaps grew pinker each time that he passed the house and his stumpy legs scurried to get out of sight.

Among the people who often passed George was Miss Frizelle, the elderly lady who lived at No. 29. She looked at him one day and bent down, holding out her gloved hand for him to smell. She knew his name from the milkman. Everyone seemed to know it. 'Well, George,' she said in her rather deep voice. Then she walked towards the shops. To her surprise he followed her. She showed no elation but continued her business, taking it as a matter of course that he followed her to the Bank and to each shop that she entered. Only as she turned homeward she said: 'Would you like to go round by the canal, George?' He looked up at her through his white fringe and frisked slightly. By a détour she reached the elm-shaded bank of the canal. George showed every sign of approval. He bounced, he kicked up absurd little hind toes, he became almost puppyish. The walk was repeated each day. George seemed to wait for her and she, rather than disappoint him, made excuses for shopping and for taking air by the canal.

But Miss Frizelle was bronchial by constitution and in

cold weather she spent her afternoons indoors. Seated near the window she took stock of those who went and came about the Square and she was horrified to see that George had adopted Mr. Todhunter for his afternoon companion.

This same Mr. Todhunter lived at No. 12 on the side of the Square at right angles to George and Miss Frizelle's respective flats. Miss Frizelle knew Mr. Todhunter's name and fame because she disliked him so much. He was a retired schoolmaster, an elderly, irascible man with straggly grey hair and fierce bright eyes that glared through thick-glassed spectacles. His every thought and word jarred upon the old-fashioned gentlewoman who was Eleanor Frizelle. Their contacts were literary, for they had never exchanged a word; they passed without a sign that each knew the other's name. But in the local paper they sparred fiercely. Miss Frizelle was fond of writing witty and forceful objections to all modern movements, to the ways of the young in the gardens of the Square, to the noises of motor-cars, of jazz music and of other people's wireless. And each time that her letter appeared Mr. Todhunter fiercely rushed to the defence of the other side. He labelled himself a modern of the most lawless, syncopated, road-hog variety and he scoffed at Miss Frizelle's philosophy and her die-hard objections. Her letters were signed E. F., but everyone knew the cultivated style, the little recollections of old days, the classical allusions that denoted Miss Frizelle. Mr. Todhunter came into the open and let himself be thought communist, atheist, iconoclast, anything that 'old Frizelle' (as he called her) would most dislike. His own circle (which included the Vicar) enjoyed the enmity. 'That old classic,' 'Mrs. Canute,' 'Noah's aunt' were names that Mr. Todhunter devised for Miss Frizelle. She was content to call him 'that dreadful man.' Her opinion of George's acumen fell when

she saw the little dog go out each afternoon at the heels of the coat-flying, squash-hatted Mr. Todhunter.

As days grew finer it happened at times that Miss Frizelle would pass Mr. Todhunter in the afternoon at a time when George was in attendance. The Sealyham at first seemed anxious to introduce his two friends one to the other. Had he been American he would have said, 'Miss Frizelle—meet Mr. Todhunter.' Being George he wagged for the lady and ran ahead with her, then back he went to the gentleman. But he came to realise that he could not combine them and he gave a slight recognition in passing but remained with the friend who had started out with him. During the autumn Miss Frizelle had to retire to bed with a bad cold. She was told by her maid: 'The shabby old gentleman out of No. 12 is taking George in the mornings now.' But, nevertheless, when she returned to her morning walks George joined her at once.

On such a morning Miss Frizelle had left the canal bank and was approaching the Square when she saw two sights she disliked, Mr. Todhunter coming towards her and a Kerry blue terrier, unaccompanied and unrestrained, on the pavement where George was running. She knew the Sealyham's ways, his self-importance, his arrogance with larger dogs. She had no lead for him, she was powerless.

In a second the battle had started, if battle it could be called where a large Kerry blue rolls and worries a little Sealyham that looks like a baby's woolly toy. Miss Frizelle screamed rather wildly, but Mr. Todhunter grappled in a scientific manner. He seized the large dog by the collar and the tail and dragged him off the prostrate small one.

'Catch George,' he yelled.

Miss Frizelle picked up a muddied, bleeding little dog and held him in spite of his wild struggles and growls of defiance.

Mr. Todhunter sent the terrier sprawling with a well-advised kick.

'Give me George,' he shouted. When he had the struggling hero in his arms he said, 'Come on, we must doctor him, he's bleeding badly.'

'The Vet——' urged Miss Frizelle.

'Not necessary. We're close to my house. Put your hand in my left-hand pocket. You'll find my latch-key. Open the door for me and go in yourself.'

Almost hypnotised by fear for the Sealyham and the commands of her companion, she opened the door of No. 12 and went into the hall.

'Door on the right—my study,' Mr. Todhunter ordered.

She opened it and found herself in a room that, in spite of her prejudice, struck pleasantly on her senses. It was obviously a man's room, filled by a desk and big leather chairs, with book-cases about it. The room smelt of leather and tobacco. There were good prints on the walls, good books on the shelves. Miss Frizelle felt a sort of pleasure that she condemned in herself. The owner of the flat rang the bell and a dour-looking respectable man answered it.

'I want a jug of boiled water, a bowl and that box of First Aid dressings out of my washstand cupboard—and be quick, Smith.'

Mr. Todhunter turned to his visitor.

'Now, lay that newspaper on the easy chair and I shall put the patient upon it.'

George was tenderly placed on his back on the chair. He had the conscious stoicism of a dying gladiator. He was bleeding from ugly bites on his throat, chest and jaw. The manservant came in quickly with a tray holding bowl, water and dressings.

'That's all,' grunted the master, and the man retired. To

Miss Frizelle he said : ' Now you keep him quiet while I wash and disinfect these wounds. You're not feeling faint, are you ? '

' Not at all,' snapped out the lady, ' but I'd like to kill that Kerry blue. What right have people to keep dogs like that ? '

' My dear madam, we are, under Providence, a free people. The Kerry blue has his rights as much as a Russian or a German, though probably *you* wouldn't allow either to exist.'

Miss Frizelle would have retorted something, but George gave a pitiful little moan as the hot water and disinfectant reached his wounds. At once the feud was stilled and murmurs of pity and encouragement fell from each.

George feebly licked the drops that reached his nose and he licked the hands that ministered. Presently he lay, cleansed and doctored, feeling in himself all the glory and pathos of the wounded warrior.

As she stood looking at him Miss Frizelle suddenly found that she was faint, that her knees shook under her, that some queer thing had given way and that she was about to faint. To her annoyance—or was it relief?—she felt a strong hand grip her elbow and guide her to a chair.

' Steady ! ' said Mr. Todhunter, ' steady ! It's the shock. I'll doctor *you* now. Keep your head down.'

She heard a cupboard open, a chink, then he said : ' Drink this—it'll put you right.'

Miss Frizelle took a medicine-glass in her hand, swallowed something fiery and choked.

' Gracious ! ' she exclaimed, ' that was strong ! '

' My dear madam, that was rum. It may go to your head, but it'll restore your nerve. Just sit quiet a minute. We'll let George rest a bit.'

' But, Mr. Todhunter, I must go home.'

'Wait ! You'll fall if you try to walk. Can't you sit and be polite for a few minutes ? Here, you and I who fight like two cats in the newspapers have met at last with a chance to know each other. It's an experience. I regard you as the arch-enemy of progress in this town and you regard me as——'

'A sort of would-be Bernard Shaw,' snapped Miss Frizelle.

Mr. Todhunter was seated now at his desk ; he smiled at her behind those thick glasses that magnified his iceberg eyes.

'Ah ! and yet in real life we like each other. We throw javelins into straw figures, but as man and woman we are really complementary. Had we married in youth we should have embraced two sides of most questions. It's a pity from the eugenic point of view that we didn't.'

'Mr. Todhunter !'

'I'm being entirely, coldly scientific in considering a hypothetical case,' he answered reprovingly.

'It's an absurd case—please don't consider it.'

'You think we should have fought,' he mused, 'but you see in our tastes we are at unity. Tastes are more fundamental than opinions. If we'd had a family——'

'Mr. Todhunter, I have never wished to have a family. I dislike your theories.'

'We should have at least united over our dogs. A little dog like George would have kept us a loving pair. Tastes are of our essential spirit and dog-lovers the world over are united. I do not say that a love of dogs shows amiability—far from it ; you are not amiable, neither am I. But in being devoted to George we are rapidly becoming fast friends.'

Miss Frizelle laughed hysterically.

'I am going home,' she said; 'you will get George back safely, I know.'

'You can't go alone,' he retorted; 'the rum on a probably empty stomach will have made you semi-intoxicated. I shall carry George with one arm and give you the other. Come along!'

Miss Frizelle rose and felt herself tottering. She allowed herself to be guided to the door. Once on the pavement she spoke severely.

'Now, please, I want to walk alone. But kindly walk just behind me in case I feel giddy.'

Solemnly they processed to the door of No. 29. Catching the railing, Miss Frizelle ascended the steps.

'Can you manage your key? Here, give it to me; I'll open it,' urged Mr. Todhunter, and she allowed him to help her. She paused at the open door.

'Good-bye, Mr. Todhunter. I know you'll get George home safely now. We'll probably have him out again soon . . . and thank you for your help.'

Mr. Todhunter glared at her through those thick glasses.

'We both love George and we're *nearly* loving each other,' he growled at her. 'Queer! *You* of all people—good-bye, my dear.'

Miss Frizelle gasped. She went to her room and from her window watched Mr. Todhunter walking towards No. 39.

'That little dog George . . .' she murmured, 'has robbed me of my one enemy.'

BY THE WAY.

PAUSING for a moment the other day in front of a second-hand bookshop, I felt my eye attracted to a notice inviting passers to buy *The Mad Crime of the Passionate Paramour*—I refrained, without difficulty, and yet it bespeaks a pretty taste in titles, I cannot but think.

* * *

Who shall say that chivalry is dead?—The following conversation is at least credibly reputed to the contrary :

‘I must go along and see my doctor,’ said Robinson to Smith ; ‘I don’t like the look of my wife at all.’

‘Hold hard a minute while I get my hat and I’ll come with you,’ answered Smith : ‘I hate the sight of mine !’

* * *

I quoted my youngest’s prayer last month : in rivalry, an old friend tells me that his small granddaughter recently explained to him that she had successfully tested the efficacy of prayer. She put up a petition to her Maker that He might enable her to pass her swimming test. ‘It took Him a fortnight,’ she ended, ‘but He did it !’

Not content with that narration, my friend further supplied me with the following—an exact copy, he averred, of an epistle of the said granddaughter to him :

DEAR BON—

I RERLY do HATE this BLASTED school. I wunder wat Mummy wode have sade if she went 75 miles an hour.

Thank you for the anemals and letter. It IS trooe wat I seed about shool.

Love from URSULA.

Tactfully I forbode to ask for the name of Ursula's school (or shool).

* * *

Except for a few odd matches, and the old Goose-match at Harrow, cricket is over, and the days are at hand when all the battles will be by the fireside as the games are refought by devotees. There is one book which should be handy, to correct or to amplify memory of all the long record before this just-closed season, namely, the new edition of H. S. Altham's *The History of Cricket* (Allen and Unwin, 8s. 6d. n.) which has been revised and also brought up to 1938 by E. W. Swanton. Sir Pelham Warner concludes his brief Introduction by describing Mr. Altham as 'the Churchill of Cricket': what this means is not clear. What Sir Pelham meant it to mean presumably is that 'no further historians need apply': and yet the additions, six chapters on cricket since the War, are all the work of Mr. Swanton, and worthy of their place. In one cricketer's heart this book cannot take the place of the book of books, Ranjitsinghi's *Jubilee Book of Cricket*, but it is certainly indispensable to the lover of the greatest of games. One small error—the index suggests that the 'googly' began with D. W. Carr, yet the correct attribution is given in the text on p. 248, though little indeed is said about it. But no book can say everything, and he will be a glutton who demands more than he has received. I specially commend it to uncles (and others) for use at Christmastime—or before.

* * *

Among the moderns autobiography is a form of litera-

ture more popular in the writing even than it was of yore, and it must be admitted that autobiography, if sincere, can seldom fail to have some interest. But Lord Elton has achieved something which is a great deal rarer than interest : at all events I have risen from readings of many autobiographies of recent years less friendlily disposed to the author than I was before I started, and occasionally a good deal more than that—exasperated by an irrepressed vanity. From Lord Elton I hoped for better things : I had known fairly well what he has done and what he has been and I know quite well what he now does and is—so I was sure I should be interested and I hoped I should be more—and yet how easy is disappointment ! It is deeply satisfactory to record that in the modestly entitled *Among Others* (Collins, 10s. 6d. n.) Lord Elton does not disappoint, and that is mild commendation : he has had an interesting life up to now—he has many valuable years to go yet—and he has produced ‘some pages of autobiography’ which are not only of great interest politically, historically, and psychologically, which are not only written with a high degree of literary skill, but are also unfailingly modest and delightful. This is a volume that truly has not a little of that indefinable quality, charm, whether Lord Elton is telling of his youth, of his war years, of his early battles as a Labour candidate or his later association with the MacDonalds, and over and above that, it is a testament of faith of no mean kind. At times it goes deep indeed, and it will assuredly win him many friends even beyond the large circle that he had before its appearance.

* * *

An interesting book, covering old ground in a fresh and attractive way, is Raymond L. Ditman's *The Fight to Live* (Lovat Dickson, 8s. 6d. n.), telling of the perpetual struggle

for existence in Nature 'red in tooth and claw.' It is full of incident and readable description: perhaps the most interesting reference of all is to the caterpillar of the African moth that tries to delude parasites by spinning a copy of the cocoons of these on the outside of its own cocoon—Mr. Ditman remarks that, this is 'one of the most unique delusions in the insect world'—which is more graphic than grammatical. But even hesitation at disagreement with so great an expert cannot prevent surprise at the old repetition that the markings on zebras are 'part of a natural camouflage in breaking the outlines of their bodies among foliage where sunslashes and shadows alternate'—zebras live out in the plains, not among foliage at all, and are among the most conspicuous of all animals in consequence. The book is well illustrated and will please both adults and elder children.

* * *

It is improbable that the admirers of Grey Owl seriously mind whether he was of white or of Indian blood or of both: and, if this is so, there was no need to 'vindicate' him—especially with such evident and unforgiving resentment as is shown by Lovat Dickson in the tribute to his friend entitled *The Green Leaf* (Lovat Dickson, 2s. 6d. n.)—nor does the little volume add much to our knowledge of a remarkable man; but as Grey Owl was so remarkable and his work held in such esteem by all nature-lovers there will doubtless be many who will be glad to have this record of the closing scenes of his life—and the photographs are attractive.

* * *

Another side of the North American continent is dealt with by William Seabrooke, who in an entertaining volume called *Americans All* (Harrap, 8s. 6d. n.) shows to any who do not yet already know it that the United States is made up,

distractingly, not of Anglo-Saxons wholly or even mainly, but of Scandinavians, Italians, Germans, Poles, and Russians—not to mention a few Irish, one or two negroes, and other visitors, who do not come within the scope of Mr. Seabrooke's latest activities. But these are wide enough: armed with the innate zest of the true reporter, the author has investigated the great melting-pot of immigrants, from which is coming, if it has not yet quite already come, a recognisably characteristic American nationality. It is not quite clear what Mr. Seabrooke's purpose is—information presumably: it is, at any rate, eminently readable.

* * *

The eighteenth century has a special fascination, the age of elegance and drawing-rooms, of patches and powders, the age, too, of ghosts—probably if a census were taken, it would easily beat any other century for ghosts. It was a pair of eighteenth-century ghosts seen at Stowe that first turned the attention of Sheila Radice to the story of the now-forgotten poet, James Hammond, and his love, Kitty—and this it is that she tells in *Not All Sleep* (Arnold, 7s. 6d. n.). We start in London with the coronation of George II—and may amuse ourselves with contrasting that with the coronation of George VI—but then speedily pass in the train of the Earl of Chesterfield to The Hague, where most of the action of the book takes place. Mrs. Radice undoubtedly knows her period and that period is perennially interesting, and the story is told with delicacy and grace, but also so allusively that one reader at least found it excessively hard to make out what was happening to the various characters or why. At all events a novel not in the ordinary ruck—and that alone is much.

* * *

Poetry is strange stuff: though it was not of it that Browning wrote

*The little more and how much it is !
The little less and what worlds away !*

nevertheless, those lines are peculiarly applicable to it, especially, perhaps, to-day when so much is written and so little is read. The observation springs from two volumes which lie before me, far separated in origin and neither at all likely to win to wide publicity. The first is a little book, a limited edition of which is printed in Portland, Maine, by the Rosher Press; it is a small collection of poems entitled *Fantasia*, by Wade Oliver, Professor of Bacteriology at the Long Island College of Medicine, Brooklyn. This is his second volume, and though he handicaps it by printing as the opening poem one of his weakest (and this though it won, so we are told, a poetry prize in England in 1935), it contains not a few little poems which have merit much above what one expects from such collections.

Secondly, I have received from Combridge's a copy of what is termed the Sussex Edition of the Collected Poems of Cecil Floersheim (7s. 6d. n.), who died in 1936. This is a large volume of 441 pages and the printing and format are attractive. Mr. Floersheim's work may not be 'the little more'—but it is sensitive and thoughtful and repays more attention than it is to be feared it will receive in this prosaic, hurrying age. At all events, the publisher's modest hope that it will give me personal pleasure is realised.

G.

THE 'CORNHILL' COMPETITION.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 179.

PRIZES of books to the value of £1, from John Murray's catalogue, are offered to the two solvers whose letters are first opened. Answers, containing the coupon from page iii, must be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, 50 Albemarle Street, W.1, and must reach him by 30th September.

'The ——— that ——— round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;'

1. 'I've heard bells ———
Full many a clime in,'
2. 'The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the ———,'
3. 'O Earth, O Earth, return !
Arise from ——— the dewy grass !'
4. 'A Book of Verses ——— the Bough'
5. 'Who order'd that their longing's fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd ?
Who renders vain their deep ——— ?'
6. '———, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind'

Answer to Acrostic 177, July number : 'The silver answer rang'
(E. B. Browning : 'Sonnet from the Portuguese'). 1. SeA (Tennyson : 'In Memoriam'). 2. Island-gaiN (Browning : 'Song from Paracelsus'). 3. LilieS (Tennyson : 'Maud'). 4. VieW (Browning : 'Thus the Maynie Glideth'). 5. EthiopE (Milton : 'Il Penseroso'). 6. Reader (Ben Jonson : 'Epitaph').

The first correct answers opened were sent by N. E. Greville, St. Ives Club, St. Ives, Cornwall, and Miss Williams, 12, Hydro Avenue, West Kirby, Cheshire.

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